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AUGUST 31, 1976

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When there's a lot riding on it.

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Next week

TENSE BUT TENACIOUS, the N.Y. Met defense of the world title began in the infield with Bud Harrelson. At the start of the last desperate drive, a report on baseball's only race.

THIRTY-SIX-INCH THROMBI Sixty-inch chest? These are the superheavyweight weight lifters who train for the world title in Ohio next month. A gallery in color by Neil Leifer.

THE HUNT FORTUNE was founded in oil, not games, but old H.L. merely looked on in awe while two of his sons, Lamar and Bunker, poured gallons of money into sport.

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Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about this work, but about all works of art?

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you look at this painting?

Vincent Van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam



Wheat Field With Crows, Auvers, July 1890



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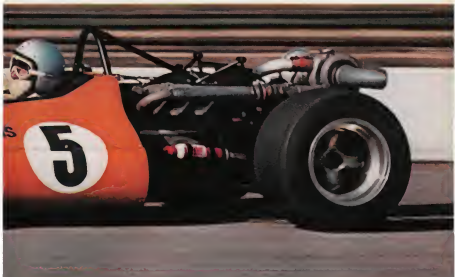
The trouble is, there are a lot of things you can't absorb in the flickering of an eye. A race car ghosting past at 200 mph is one obvious example.

Ditto, the beauty of a piece of art...the coverage of a great event...the detail of a new product.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

ORANGE AND BLACK

Syracuse University, famed in past years for black stars like Jim Brown, Ernie Davis, Jim Nance and Floyd Little, is having profound trouble with its current generation of black football players. Last spring nine of the 10 blacks on the squad stayed away from spring practice; their action, they said, was the result of Syracuse's repeated failure to hire a black assistant coach. (A visit to the practice sessions by Little, now with the Denver Broncos, during which he criticized the attitude of some of the undergraduate black players, appeared to trigger the walkout.) John Corbally, chancellor of the university, who had been maintaining a hands-off attitude, instructed Head Coach Ben Schwartzwalder to hire a black assistant before fall practice began, and Carlmon Jones of Florida A&M subsequently joined the staff. Meanwhile, Schwartzwalder sent letters to the black athletes who had missed the spring drills, telling them, "If you have any interest in returning to football, it is essential that you see me personally before August 1. Your status will be discussed at this time."

How many blacks requested interviews is not clear, but most of them spoke to Schwartzwalder either personally or by telephone. When notices were sent to players to report to fall practice, only two of the nine rebelling blacks were on the list; the other seven were not invited because of their "attitude." They then filed a complaint against Schwartzwalder and the coaching staff with the local Human Rights Commission.

White players on the squad were generally in sympathy with Schwartzwalder's action. Joe Ehrmann, a tackle, said, "Sure, we're going to miss them, but they more or less brought it on themselves. There wasn't a racist issue on the club. It was just a separatist attitude: blacks and whites doing what they wanted, by themselves." Ray White, another tackle last year, said, "Most of

us were for Ben's choice. The idea was that we weren't against the demands of the blacks. It's just that they quit."

Greg Allen, one of the blacks who had been invited back, said, "All summer I've prepared myself to play football. I want to play. But I don't know all of the present situation. I thought we had a justified complaint. We had been told that we would have a black assistant coach at spring practice. I feel the whole problem would have ended, now that there is a black coach, if the seven had been permitted to play this fall."

FILL HILL

Chicago and New York have both talked about building artificial ski slopes for city dwellers out of compacted garbage and solid waste. It sounds fairly gamy but, assuming land is available and costs not extreme, Garbage Mountains make a lot of sense, since they provide a symbiotic solution to two pressing urban needs: garbage disposal and recreation areas. And you wouldn't be skiing through tin-can moguls or down bed-spring slopes. Dirt covers the waste and the deodorized and disinfected junk, and grass covers the dirt. Snow, of course, is another problem.

GET YOUR COLD BEER

When vendors at Milwaukee Brewer games in County Stadium are out of Schlitz, they're out of beer—or almost. After getting complaints from readers that the vendors were refusing to sell Pabst and Miller, two other Milwaukee beers, *The Milwaukee Journal* had a young reporter apply at the ball park for work as a beer hawker. He was hired and, according to his account, was instructed to sell seven cases of Schlitz for every two of Pabst and one of Miller. Checkers under the stands kept track of the cases of beer each vendor took out to sell to the crowd to make sure that of every 10 cases taken seven were

Schlitz. The reporter was told, "If they ask you for Pabst, tell them we don't have enough cooler space to cool as much Pabst."

The arrangement is not as arbitrary as it sounds. Robert A. Uihlein Jr., the president of Schlitz, is one of the owners of the ball club, and Schlitz is a major sponsor of radio and television broadcasts of Brewer games. Allan (Bud) Selig, president of the club, freely granted that Schlitz had a favored position. "It is a basic fact in the baseball business," he said, "that when a brewery makes a deal for radio and TV rights, the beer sales in the stadium go along with it."

And the arrangement violates no laws. The Brewers' contract with Milwaukee County specifies that no product shall be sold on an exclusive basis. Almost exclusive doesn't count.

HARD CORE

This summer Ann Landers ran a letter in her advice-to-the-careworn column that warned against cutting open golf



balls to see what is inside. The letter said that a neighborhood child had done just that and was horribly injured ("I don't want to go into detail, but the boy will never look the same"). The letter went on: "Kids don't realize that the center of the ball sometimes contains sulfuric acid as well as zinc sulfide and other materials that can be harmful." Ann dutifully printed the letter along with a stern but gentle admonition to parents.

continued

Well, now. In his marvelous book *"Where Did You Go?" "Out."* *"What Did You Do?" "Nothing."*, Robert Paul Smith reviewed some of the myths of childhood, among them the absolutely unquestioned one that if you cut into the center of a golf ball you would be horribly poisoned, just as you would automatically get lockjaw if you happened to cut the cord of skin between thumb and forefinger. Smith described the incredible day when the center of a golf ball was cut into. Sure enough, an ugly, poisonous-looking fluid oozed out . . . but nothing happened. Nobody dropped dead, nobody was poisoned, nobody was even disfigured for life.

Who is right, Ann Landers or Robert Paul Smith? Jack Havey, vice-president in charge of research at Wilson Sporting Goods, says, "When golf balls were first manufactured in this country, some of them contained an acid salt called zinc chloride in the center, which is harmful and corrosive, particularly to the eyes. For the last 30 years, however, no American-made ball has had any chemical irritating material in the center [Havey could not be as certain about foreign-made golf balls]. Our Wilson balls, for instance, have either solid or fluid centers, the latter either paste or water.

"But the fluid in the center of today's golf balls is contained in rubber at a pressure of something more than 2,000 pounds per square inch. If someone cut into a ball the sudden release of that pressure would be like a small explosion, and it could do damage, just as water from a fire hose would. The damage would be mechanical, rather than chemical, but it could be painful and possibly disfiguring. So, while there's nothing poisonous in there, children should be told not to cut into golf balls."

Especially new ones, fresh out of Daddy's bag.

VON BOWHOW

The coolly efficient, splendidly organized Germans would be the last people in the world you'd expect to get cute over the 1972 Olympics, right? Wrong. A bulletin from Munich says the official mascot for the '72 Games will be a dachshund. More than that, its name will be Olympia-Waldi, and copies of it will be on sale all over the place, in plastic, in soft cuddly rubber and in teddy-bear versions.

The real live Olympia-Waldi, a 3-month-old wirehaired dachshund with an illustrious pedigree, was presented to Monsieur Félix Levitan, president of the Association Internationale de la Presse Sportive, by the Munich Organizing Committee, and that makes it official. The full-grown model for these hundreds of thousands of commercially viable mascots is named Chère von Birkenhof. Its sire was world champion in a canine beauty contest, the committee said coyly, and the dam was a national champion in German sporting dog trials.

All right. It is too late to stop it now. Still, if they had to have a mascot for the Munich Games, the Germans appear to have goofed. Why not a German shepherd, kind of a big, reliable Rim Tin Tin hero image? Or maybe a fierce Doberman, the sort of dog that would patrol the track, ever ready to bite any non-German who dared finish first? Now there is a mascot's mascot.

DANGEROUS RADICAL

A. J. Lachling once described high school football coaches as "a cross between plamation overseer and YMCA secretary," and it is unhappily true that many of this dedicated breed believe that their mission in life is to instill in their charges a curious combination of pseudo-religious zeal and abject obedience to coachy authority. A happy exception is George Davis, football coach at Willets High School in Willets, Calif. Every Wednesday during the football season Davis distributes bulletins to his players, and they vote on the question of who will be in the starting lineup for that week's game. Last year, his first at Willets, was an edgy one for Davis. His small democracy in action lost its first four games and there were authoritative growls from the stands. But the team settled down, turned things around and eventually finished in a tie for the league championship, something no Willets team had done before.

The Davis system stems from his memory of college football when a teammate who later played with the San Francisco 49ers for five years was only third string. "I couldn't figure out why me and a couple of other guys were playing and he wasn't," Davis says. "I decided that if I was going to coach, I wouldn't make the same mistake. I decided to let the squad vote because there's less chance of 40 guys being wrong. I didn't realize

at the time what a motivational factor it would be. In practice there is better concentration and more alertness. The players are learning about the entire team, not just one position.

"What it teaches is responsibility. I think many people—and I'm not necessarily limiting this to football coaches—feel that the human animal is motivated better by fear than by your belief in him. I think that's wrong. I have faith in their ability. They really become informed and involved, and they learn to choose correctly.

"I believe school is a preparation for life, and I think football is part of school. They learn more about democracy and the vote out on the football field than they do in history class."

GOOD SMALL MEN

Just about everything in Little League baseball, except for an occasional outside pitcher, is scaled down to suit the general dimensions of the boys playing the game. Now Aaron Johnson, a junior high school teacher in Baltimore, has scaled down basketball. After comparing his young son with a 10-foot basket, Johnson devised a portable goal that can be adjusted to heights from 7½' down to 3½' from the floor. The backboard is 30" by 26", instead of the standard 72" by 48", and the hoop itself is only 12" in diameter, instead of 18", which is better suited to the six- or eight-inch ball a kid might want to use in place of a regulation basketball with a 9.6-inch diameter. Johnson has patented his invention, which can be used indoors or out, and has copyrighted two names for it: Mini-Hoopster and Mini-Dunker.

It sounds like a fine idea, but what would you be willing to bet that some towering 4-foot-high first-graders don't come along to stuff shots and dominate the game?

PRAYER WHEELS

The Rev. Bill Frazier, a Baptist minister from Gadsden, Ala., who says he has always been a stock-car-racing fan, showed up at the Talladega 500 NASCAR race last week towing a portable church, complete with six pews, a pulpit and a sign on the side that said "The Chapel."

"You see Goodyear, Prestone, Grey-Rock and just about everything else you can think of at these races," the Rev. Frazier said. "I figured it was time the Lord

got a little representation. I'm going to promote God just like the other guys promote STP." He said some of the drivers had been a little difficult to approach, possibly because "they're so close to death they don't want to think about it. But wives like the idea, and occasionally a driver will ask me to pray for an engine."

FAREWELL TO EAGLES

Another sad chapter in the continuing story of pesticides: bald eagles appear headed for extinction in Maine. Of 30 nests examined, twin birds were found in three, single eaglets in five and no young at all in the other 22, although the parent birds were still tending the nests in a futile, instinctive attempt to achieve reproduction. Studies show that unhatched eggs in Maine contain about 23 parts per million of DDT, an intolerably high level. Biologist Frank Lagas says, "Two of Maine's most polluted rivers, the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, flow into Merrymeeting Bay. The eagles in that area lay eggs every year but have not hatched one since 1963."

THEY SAID IT

- Alden Chipen, general manager of Coolfront Recreation in Berkeley Springs, W. Va., telling the history of littering: "Back in the days when primitive man was still living in trees, he would peel a banana, eat it and throw the skin over his shoulder. There were some that would peel a banana, eat it and climb down out of the tree to bury the skin. Soon all of the early men that buried their skins were eaten by the lions and tigers and the ones that survived were those that tossed the skins over their shoulders. Therefore, we have a society that survived because they were litterers."

- Red Auerbach, general manager of the Boston Celtics, in comparing the NBA and the ABA: "All the good ABA guards are small. How are your little Kentucky guards going to do against the NBA guards, fellows like West, Robertson, Frazier and Havlicek? They'd just maneuver those little fellows inside and shoot over them."

- Bob Leonard, coach of the ABA champion Indiana Pacers, after hearing Auerbach's statements: "I don't think there are any guards in the NBA, either, who can guard West, Robertson, Frazier and Havlicek."

END

Just ask Lee Elder. He'll tell you a conventional ball can cut if you hit it wrong.

But not the Faultless. It's solid. "Why, it's almost impossible to cut a Faultless and make it smile."

A conventional ball can go out of round after it's played only a couple of holes.

So it won't putt... drive... or play true.

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Which is something else to smile about.

Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories



**Play a Faultless
and you'll never crack a smile.**



BIG IFS IN BIG D

The Cowboys, who haven't won a big game, are plagued by quarterback doubts, complacent vets, angry blacks and no confidence **by TEX MAULE**

Week in and week out, the Dallas Cowboys may be the best team in professional football. In the regular season. But in the big-money games, those for division or league championships, the Dallas Cowboys are the best team in football at coming up with fascinating ways to lose. Or, as many fans contend, they choke.

In each of the last four years Dallas has played for either a league or a divisional title and each time it has lost. Twice it lost honorably and narrowly to the Green Bay Packers; twice it lost disgracefully and by a wide margin to the Cleveland Browns. Yet in the last four years the Cowboys won more regular-season games than any of the teams in the old NFL.

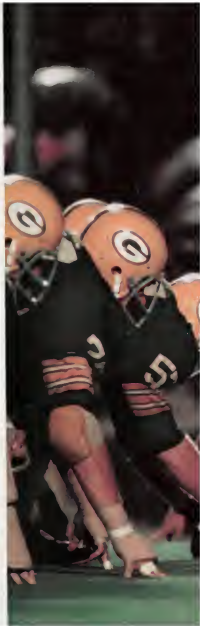
Coach Tom Landry doesn't deny his club's tendency to choke when a title is at stake. "The hardest championship to win is the first," he once said. "After that a club knows that it is capable of winning and it gains a great deal in confidence."

Last week, before the Cowboys played the Packers in an exhibition game, Landry expanded on his theory. "Success breeds success," he said. "But failure has a carry-over effect, too. If we had won that first game against Green Bay for the championship, there's a pretty good chance we could have won the next three. After we lost the second game our chances of winning a third were much worse than after the single loss, and after the third loss, to Cleveland, I think we were at a big psychological disadvantage in the playoff game last year. Once we break the spell we'll be as good as any other team in key games."

The first two losses, at Dallas and Green Bay, certainly don't support the theory that the Cowboys fold in the clutch. The first game was decided in the final seconds. Dallas was on the Green Bay two-yard line. Don Meredith, then the Cowboy quarterback, was hit hard by Line-

continued

As Dallas and Green Bay met on the Cotton Bowl's new AstroTurf, Roger Staubach was knocked wozzy, Coach Landry stormed.







backer Dave Robinson just as he was throwing a pass. The ball plopped into the hands of Green Bay's Tom Brown. The next year, in Green Bay, the Cowboys played well, only to again lose in the closing seconds. Bart Starr sneaking into the end zone behind the blocks of Jerry Kramer, who got the credit, and Ken Bowman, who didn't. The losses to Cleveland were more decisive (31-20 and 38-14), and a number of Dallas fans, including one high club official, attribute the first defeat to Meredith, the second to Craig Morton, his successor.

"I don't know exactly how to describe Meredith," the official said. "What would you say he was? I mean in his attitude. Flippant? No, I guess that's not really the word. I guess the word I want is frivolous."

Certainly Meredith lacked the determination of a John Unitas or the dedication of a Bart Starr, but it isn't fair to characterize him as frivolous. He was undeniably a flippant man with a fey, wry sense of humor and an occasional tendency to disregard training rules, but on the field he was tough and courageous, and during his last three seasons he played with a series of nagging if not crippling injuries—and with uncharacteristic boos ringing in his ears.

"I never felt that I gave less than my best when I played," Meredith said recently. "I gave it all I had and I don't know how I could have given any more."

Morton, who took over last year after Meredith's retirement, is also suspected of being frivolous. "I don't think he's as serious about the game as he should be, either," said the same official who criticized Meredith. "I can't understand why a man whose whole life is football can take it so lightly, but I don't know what to do about it."

Morton did little to alter this impression when the club left its California training camp last week to return to Dallas for the Green Bay exhibition game. He missed the plane. He said he hadn't been called in time and had overslept. His excuse wasn't really all that feeble. Four other Cowboys, including Lee Roy Jordan, the middle-linebacker who may be the most gung-ho player on the team, missed the plane, too.

However, when the Cowboys got to Dallas, Landry named Roger Staubach, the 1963 Heisman Trophy winner from Navy, as his starting quarterback against the Packers. Staubach is a fiery ball-player who likes to run if his receivers are momentarily covered. He may be a more inspirational leader than Morton, if not quite as accurate a passer.

"No one on this team has his position made," Landry said by way of explanation. "I'll play the man who gets the job done, in practice or in the game." This is a reflection of Landry's off-season thoughts about the defects in the team and, possibly, in his own approach to the game. The Cowboys have become a mature team in the last few years and, although he hasn't said so, Landry obviously feels that some of his veterans have become complacent.

Staubach, who backed up Morton last season, has the confidence of the younger receivers. Reggie Rucker, who was on the taxi squad last year, worked out with Staubach during the off season, and he reflects their feeling. "The guy can't stand losing at anything," he said. "We used to run wind sprints together every day and I'm probably a tenth of a second or two faster than Roger at 40 yards, but I couldn't convince him no matter how many times I beat him. He was always after me to race him again and every time I beat him he said, 'I'll get you next time.'"

Staubach looked better than adequate even though the Packers beat the Cowboys 35-34 last Saturday night. That is, as long as he lasted. Unfortunately, his penchant for running makes him prone to injury. In the first quarter he was tackled hard on one of his impromptu forays and knocked dizzy. He wasn't seriously injured, but when he was still woozy after the half Landry decided not to put him back in.

Morton, who came in for Staubach and performed at least as well, has inherited not only Meredith's reputation for insouciance but his lack of popularity with the fans, too. Once, when he was forced into a hurried pass by a strong rush and overthrew a wide-open Bob Hayes, he was roundly booed.

He deserves better. Through the first three games of the 1969 season Morton was brilliant, leading the league in pass-completion average. In the fourth game he dislocated his right shoulder, which inhibited his throwing motion for the

rest of the year, but he still completed 53.6% of his passes. An operation has repaired the damaged shoulder and he now throws as well as ever.

Too, Morton is honest. Before the Cleveland playoff game last year he admitted he was scared to death and he played that way. If he again beats out Staubach, the added year of experience under pressure should settle him down.

There is one more factor that may help account for the Cowboys' traditional hanging on the money. Most of the black players on the club are less than enchanted with Dallas and the attitude of its citizenry toward blacks. Don Perkins, who was a fine running back, retired while still in his prime and gave as one of the reasons his difficulty in finding suitable housing in Dallas. Another black player said, "Sure, they cheer us when we're on the field, but they can't see us off it. They make you feel like an animal act." Moreover, a few of the white players have no love for the blacks and don't bother to conceal it—a situation that exists on other clubs as well.

Finally, given the cumulative effects of a lack of confidence brought on by a succession of big defeats, breezy quarterbacks, complacent veterans and disaffected blacks, there is the possibility that Landry himself is a factor in pressure-filled games. His offense and defense are extremely complicated and require absolute concentration by every player to be successful.

In a regular-season game the Cowboys can put aside their discontents, but in the playoffs, with the added strain of their reputation for collapse, they tend to make mental errors, and mistakes in the Landry system cost dearly. In the Lombardi-style Packer game, on the other hand, the plays are relatively few and uncomplicated, and are so thoroughly rehearsed that they become instinctive. The old Packer powerhouses could execute them under any kind of pressure.

The Cowboys may eventually attain that kind of perfection, and they almost surely will get another chance this season to put the lie to their reputation. They appear to be the class of their division, so they will undoubtedly reach the divisional playoffs. And they have a big plus. They won't have Cleveland to contend with, the Browns having moved into the American Conference. Given one playoff victory, the Dallas El Foldos might even get the winning habit.

END

Victorious Green Bay was paced by Donny Anderson, who got three touchdowns. Bob Hayes got one and bulleted into the stands.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEVINE

AUSSIES AND FRENCH HOOK UP

In a duel of rare excitement Australia's "Gretel II," seemingly beaten, got past "France" to go one up in the first America's Cup international race-off ever sailed. On Monday "Gretel" went ahead 2-0 by CARLETON MITCHELL

As the cannon fired, two tall 12-meter sloops crossed the line off Newport last Friday, but this was no ordinary start. For *France*, first over by a scant second, and for *Gretel II*, representing Australia, it was at once the culmination of a watery trail that had commenced on opposite sides of the globe and the beginning of the most important quest in yachting. For the first time in the 119-year-old history of the America's Cup, international eliminations were being held to select a challenger, while American boats raced over a nearby course for the honor of defending.

The sky was gray, the sea leaden and the breeze a huckle northwest during the preliminary jockeying. Baron Bich, president of the *Association Française Pour "La Coupe de l'Amérique"*, aboard a beflagged spectator craft, had made a fine Gallic gesture of nonchalance by passing to a friend in another boat a bottle of champagne in a long-handled dip net. But at the gun he perched on the bow of his craft, rigid as the figurehead of an old sailing ship, intent on the blue hull ahead. For him, as for Sir Frank Packer in another part of the huge watching fleet, equally intent on his *Gretel II*, the decisive moments had begun.

The first move was not long in coming. A little more than two minutes after the start *Gretel* tacked to port, and *France* followed. Despite the light air, both boats seemed to be moving well, *France* perhaps pointing higher, *Gretel* footing faster. There was little to choose between the sails. *Gretel's* main had a faint lavender tint, reminiscent of the famous "Purple People Eater" carried by *Columbia* during the 1938 campaign.

Other reminders of the classic *Ven-vus Columbia* battles materialized. When *Gretel* went back on the starboard tack, after half an hour, I could not tell which boat was ahead until they crossed. It was *France*, sliding across *Gretel's* bow to a windward position, then covering, forcing the Australians to tack again. So it went to the first weather mark, an approach made more tense by wind shifts

changing relative position. When *France* rounded 20 seconds ahead, a large circus tent would have covered both decks.

France upped spinnaker smartly, *Gretel* ditto. The sun was breaking through now, spotlighting the fleur-de-lis emblazoned on the leading spinnaker, accentuating the bright yellow shirts of the trailing crew. For the moment it was blowing fresher, and both boats took off. The 200-vessel spectator fleet charged wildly in pursuit, crisscrossing wakes, while above airplanes circled. It was a race to generate excitement, especially as the Australians began closing the gap. Slowly, ever so slowly, *Gretel's* sharp bow shaved down the open water between until she had gained an overlap at the buoy. Officially, *France* led around the mark by four seconds, but *Gretel* went by as the next leg began.

It was *France's* turn to attack. At her wheel stood Noverraz, 67-year-old Swiss veteran of a thousand victories, a white yachting cap jaunty on white hair, the very epitome of the European yachtsman. Rounding up sharply, he was able to block wind from the spinnaker of the leading boat, the only time in match racing the skipper astern has an advantage. *Gretel* slowed, *France* went ahead and then Jim Hardy, the 37-year-old Australian helmsman, had his chance to retaliate. The lead changed four times on the leg. The climax came after a brilliant maneuver by Noverraz. Both boats had the faint air on their starboard beams, giving them little more than steerageway; Noverraz bore off, as though to jibe, and Hardy responded by jibing. Noverraz then went back to his original course for the buoy, with the Aussies unable to respond immediately for lack of way. *France* was first around the third mark by only a length of clear water but *Gretel* was moving so slowly that the timer's watch showed her two minutes 14 seconds behind.

During the interval *France* simply ran away, close-reaching into a new breeze. Any sailor who has ever raced off Newport knows that anything can happen

with a dying nor'wester. A new wind must come on as the land warms. It is only a question when and from where. And what it does to whom. Now cats-paws stole in from south of west, darkening the water like a cloud shadow. Not only did *France* open a lead of 10 lengths before *Gretel* began to move, but the shift in direction meant that the final three legs, instead of being a beat-run-beat as the race committee intended, would become three reaches. Automatically, when this happens a race turns into a parade. It hardly seemed possible for *France* to lose, unless the time limit of six hours for the 24-mile course expired before she could finish.

At the fourth mark, *France's* margin was 1:30, but there was much more open water between the two boats than at the previous turn. *France's* spinnaker was slow going up and slower to fill. In fact, it never did lift properly. Her lighter sail had been torn on the third leg and the substitute was too heavy for the wind.

No sooner had *Gretel* rounded the mark than she set a lightweight drifter-reacher spinnaker and charged down on *France*, aided by a puff. But when the Australian's bow was at her rival's stern the puff left her to favor *France*, which carried Noverraz back into a commanding lead. A heading wind had forced both boats to shift from spinnakers to genoa jibs, but *France* was five or six lengths ahead as she neared the crucial final turn. It was at this same buoy that *Gretel* had stalled at the end of the third leg. Now Noverraz approached from slightly above the mark. As soon as he bore off to turn, he sailed into a calm spot and his jib collapsed. *Gretel*, coming up from a leeward position, seemed to move ever faster by comparison. In what must have been moments of agony for those aboard the French challenger, the mark drew nearer—but so did *Gretel*.

Noverraz got to the buoy first by 13 seconds and made a tight turn to prevent *Gretel* from cutting inside. In so doing he lost the last of his way. Jim



Behaving more like racehorses than boats, "France" and "Gretel" fight side by side.

Hardy sailed wide, keeping his sails drawing through a long, slow turn, achieving the impossible by sailing through *France's* lee without breaking stride. Then *Gretel* moved on out into a freshening southwesterly and sped away, exactly as *France* had done earlier. This time there were no holes in the wind, and there was no catching the flyer from Down Under. *Gretel* finished six minutes 30 seconds ahead, almost half a mile in distance, to a tumultuous salute of horns and sirens—this was one light-weather race followed to the end by the spectator fleet.

Even the victors were shocked by the margin after the race had been so close for five-sixths of the distance. "It's a shame," exclaimed Mike Greenaway, Aussie crew alternate and team physi-

cian, as *France* neared the finish. It was a race either boat deserved to win, but neither deserved to lose by more than a few lengths. The speed potential was almost identical in the conditions, sail handling was good and both skippers showed themselves masters of match racing. It might well be called the most interesting trial race since '58. One debatable tactical decision, abetted by a fluke of wind, had compounded into defeat. Thus observers in Newport were even more shocked by the aftermath next day, when the French camp issued a revised crew list for Monday's race: the names of Louis Noverraz and eight out of 10 others aboard did not appear. The new helmsman was Pierre (Popper) Delloir, long a member of the Bih' equipe. Earlier rumor had reported him returning

to France in a hull after his replacement as starting skipper by Noverraz.

Although Monday's contest was another cliffhanger, with the lead changing hands several times between the Australians and the French, *Gretel* made it two straight with a 1-32 victory.

By comparison the American final trials are proceeding with less fireworks, but hardly more conclusively. In the first encounter of the week, on Tuesday, *Weatherly* was leading *Heritage* in the first division and *Interpel* had opened a whopping lead on *Falout*, when another non-wester had expired. *Weatherly* had previously tacked to get between her rival and the mark, a cardinal tenet of match racing, but *Interpel* stood on without covering *Falout*. When the new breeze struck in from the Point Judith shore, a tongue of wind licked toward *Falout*. Too late Bill Ficker tacked. *Interpel* headed almost back to the start and finally arrived at the first mark 2:42 astern. Even though *Interpel* whittled two minutes off *Falout's* lead before the finish, it was dubious consolation.

Heritage had hoped for a new lease on life, and her victory over *Weatherly* by 6:19 on the opening day seemed to justify Skipper Charles Morgan's optimism. However, *Heritage* thereupon lost twice to *Falout* and once to *Interpel*, and when *Interpel* beat her again on Monday she was eliminated from the trials by the selection committee, suffering the fate that had already befallen *Weatherly* late Thursday.

Although *Weatherly* was superbly sailed by George Hinman and Briggs Cunningham, the '62 defender could not hold the newer boats in offshore conditions. *Weatherly's* earlier contribution as a yardstick had been invaluable and "the two old men of the sea, with the oldest old girl," in the words of Laura Cunningham, have had more fun than anyone else afloat.

For *Interpel* and *Falout* the pressure grows. Following their inconclusive race on Tuesday, they met only once again, on Friday. In the same fluky conditions that plagued *France* and *Gretel*, they sailed a race that was not truly a test. There was no proper windward leg and the course was shortened to 10.8 miles. It went into the books as a victory for *Interpel* by 23 seconds, evening the score between them for the final trials. Members of the selection committee wanted to see more.

END

WATCH OUT! THERE ARE MORE EN ROUTE

And more and more, The Baltimore Orioles' farm system is so productive it should keep the mother team's ladder full for years **by PETER CARRY**

Omar Aparicio usually works in the quiet dignity of the Chesapeake, one of Baltimore's most deluxe restaurants. His gold sommelier's chain with its key to the cellars and tasting cup dangling around his neck, Aparicio will for \$60—uncork a bottle of his favorite vintage, Chateau Lafite Rothschild 1959. But Aparicio, whose cousin Luis is the All-Star shortstop of the White Sox, has another place of business, and there the wines are less costly although the crowd is every bit as elite. He is the Orioles' team sommelier, a nonpaying job that rates a listing in the club's guide on the same page with Board Chairman Jerry Hoffberger. His duties of opening the champagne (at the party for clinching the American League's Eastern Division title last year it was undated Christian Brothers at \$72 a case) for Oriole victory celebrations kept him busy in the vintage years of 1966, when Baltimore won the world championships, and 1969, when the team took another pennant.

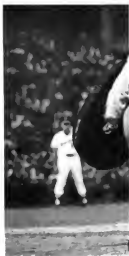
Again this fall Aparicio is looking forward to a popping time. The Orioles are still the best team in the American League, and perhaps in all of baseball. Baltimore's familiar superstars, Brooks and Frank Robinson and Boog Powell, remain but they have had to share the glory with three superb pitchers who should win well over 20 games each and with a scouting and farm system that could extend Aparicio's stewardship for years. Some of the new faces are already forcing their way into the Orioles' lineup and others are ripening under careful supervision in vineyards at Rochester, N.Y. and elsewhere.

Baltimore's once-set outfield of Frank Robinson, Paul Blair and Don Buford is being broken apart by second-year major-leaguer Merv Rettenmund, who has been the team's best hitter during the past six weeks. Outfielder Curt Motton, who hit over .300 last year and is

doing as well in his few starts this season, remains on the bench along with 23-year-old rookie Terry Crowley—the club's only new player, who had to hit .370 and play both the outfield and first base in spring training to make the team. That left Don Baylor, Roger Freed and Tom Shopay, a player pirated from the Yankees, to play the outfield in Rochester, where they have batted over .320 for the year. Until recently none of them led the Red Wings in hitting because Infielder Bobby Grich had the top average in the International League. Grich was called to Baltimore last month to substitute occasionally in the infield for Brooks Robinson. Shortstop Mark Belanger and Second Baseman Dave Johnson, but his chances since arriving in the majors have been few. The utility man already there, Chico Salmon, is batting .308. And there are other infielders waiting in Rochester, among them Enno Hernandez, described by Personnel Director Harry Dalton as a pup out of Aparicio, Luis—not Omar.

The Orioles' talent runs thick on their five teams lower than Triple-A Rochester. Two of those affiliates lead their leagues and another is a close second. Over the past 10 years, while Baltimore was winning more games than any team in the league, its farm clubs were winning more games than those belonging to any major league organization. Such strength has allowed Dalton to restrict his trading to a few very favorable deals. He concluded the negotiations begun by his predecessors that brought Frank Robinson—and a World Series victory—to Baltimore, and last year he traded Curt Blefary, a platooned player, to the Astros for Mike Cuellar. Cuellar won 23 games in 1969 to share the Cy Young Award with Denny McLain.

Cuellar could win the prize again this year, but if he does he probably will have to share it with teammates Dave



McNally and Jim Palmer. At the end of last week McNally, the redheaded Montanan with the Huckleberry Finn face and the classic mix of a hard fastball and a sharp curveball, was 19-7. Tall, lean Palmer, easily the fastest and least controlled of the three, stood at 17-7, while Cuellar, the sinister-appearing Cuban with fine control and the trickiest screwball since Carl Hubbell, had won 19 and lost seven.

"It would be a lot easier to come to play against these three guys if they were all hard fastball pitchers like Palmer," says Ken McMullen of the California Angels. "By the third day you might have your timing down. But it doesn't work that way here. McNally's got that great curve he can throw anytime and Cuellar's screwball is a pitch nobody else in baseball throws, and he can change speeds on it."

Until recently, as fast as the farm system could turn out good young pitchers, they invariably came up with sore arms, most of them permanently damaged. Only McNally, who opened the World Series for the Orioles in 1966 but was reduced to a part-time starter in 1967, and Palmer, who as a 20-year-old was the Orioles' biggest winner in



Only rookie to make Orioles this spring. Tarry Crowley scores in a chance with regulars.

1966, recovered. Palmer's first attempts at a comeback after tendonitis in his right shoulder struck him down the next year were so pathetic that no team was willing to take him for the \$25,000 waiver price.

The pattern of sore arms stopped abruptly with the appointment as pitching coach in 1968 of George Bamberger, who, like Manager Earl Weaver and the other coaches, came up in the Orioles' minor league system. McNally and Palmer each credit him with keeping the staff healthy by making the pitchers exercise properly. "If you're in good condition, you're less apt to get hurt. It's that plain," says Bamberger.

The only place where the Orioles show any weakness is in the bullpen. Eddie Watt and Pete Richert, who were very effective last year, have been renamed Smash and Crash for their erratic work this season. But Baltimore's substitute players could be called Smash and Crash, too, for positive reasons. The bench has driven in the winning run in one of every four Oriole victories. Rettenmund, who has been hitting .393 since July 8 to raise his season's average to .312 and has become a starter, had plenty of help from his former benchmates last week

as the Orioles opened up a 10½-game lead over second-place New York. Salmon hit a two-run homer as Baltimore began the week with a 3-2 victory over the Brewers. Rettenmund's homer was the winning run the next night, and he and Salmon each drove in a run the following evening when the Orioles again won 3-2.

On Friday, Crowley substituted for the injured Powell. He had two hits in three times at bat and scored two runs, the second after he singled to rightfield, stole second and advanced to third on a grounder. Angel Catcher Tom Egan allowed a pitch to roll past him a short distance and Crowley dashed home just ahead of Egan's lunging tag. Sunday, Grich hit two singles in a rare start and Motion added a two-run homer.

Aggressive play like that might impress the manager of a fourth-place team, but under Weaver it usually means that the star will be back in the next day.

"We're winning, that's the only good thing about sitting on the bench here," said Motion. "It's a little easier to take because you know we're gonna make some extra money in the playoffs and the Series at the end of the year."

The man mostly responsible for the

Oriole system is Jim McLaughlin, who was the only member of the front office to transfer with the team when it moved to Baltimore from St. Louis in 1954. It was he who hired the inexperienced Dalton fresh out of the Air Force after graduating from Amherst, and it was he who, during a brief stay with the Cincinnati Reds, signed Johnny Bench, Wayne Simpson, Bernie Carbo and Hal McCoy, all of whom have played important roles in the Reds' season-long pennant drive. Back with the Orioles as head of minor league business operations, McLaughlin attributes the team's success to group scouting. "We don't just use scouts to double-check each other," he says, "but we send each out with a definite purpose. I remember when we signed Powell, we had four scouts there, each with a different job."

The Powell signing was typical of Baltimore's thoroughness. Almost every team in the majors wanted him until the end of his senior year in high school when he played in a state tournament and failed to hit. Only the Orioles and one other team remained interested.

"We never hesitated," says McLaughlin. "He just had a bad series like any player. We never doubted that he was a good prospect."

Rettenmund, the best new product of the system, is also one of its more surprised recruits. "I didn't contribute to a single one of the 109 games we won last season," he said last week. "Then on top of that I had an awful winter in the Puerto Rican league. I hit .146. I began to question my ability to play in the big leagues."

Rettenmund changed his stance slightly in spring training, and when Blair was injured by a pitched ball he got his chance to play regularly. He has rarely been out of the lineup since.

"I still don't consider myself anything but a utility outfielder," Rettenmund says. With utilitymen like Rettenmund around, Omar Aparicio can begin to dream of wearing his new tailcoat. It was made specially for last year's World Series cork popping, which never came off. Aparicio, in fact, might one day have to sew leather patches on the elbows. That or buy a new tailcoat with his champagne earnings. **END**

NOW LOOK WHO'S AN OLD LADY

It's little Debbie Meyer who won three golds in Mexico in 1968 (below). At 18 (right), she is simply ancient by female swimming standards, but not too creaky to set another world record at L.A. **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Until the spell was broken following the 1968 Olympics, Debbie Meyer swam as if possessed, her tender years firing her to a high competitive pitch. If her three-hour-a-day workouts allowed little time for the demands of high school, it made no difference to the California teen-ager, who blithely recited homework to herself as she reeled off practice laps. In view of the three gold-medals she subsequently won in Mexico City, it was appropriate that one assignment she fulfilled in that fashion was to memorize Mark Antony's oration in praise of the all-conquering Caesar.

More recently, if no less fittingly, Debbie's submarine Shakespeare has included Hamlet's "to be or not to be" soliloquy. On her return from Mexico she suffered a classic post-Olympic let-down. She moped around her parents' ranch-style home in Sacramento agonizing openly and at length over whether to retire from swimming. Having realized her heart's desire at the Olympics, she now had few new experiences in swimming to look forward to—except possibly the wholly unwelcome one of losing. Only this past spring did Debbie finally decide to remain in the swim until the 1972 Olympics. "I want to defend my Olympic titles," she declared, her old desire beginning to smolder. "I'd like to stay on top a while longer."

Debbie's resolve will be getting a thoroughgoing test. Earlier this month she turned 18, which in the compressed world of women's swimming makes her, strange though it may sound, one of the sport's venerable figures. The changes that have come over her are pleasant enough. While nobody was looking she has sneaked up to 5' 7½", nearly three inches taller than when she set her first world record at 14. Her button cuteness has ripened into a dimple-cheeked prettiness. Most wondrous of all, such expressions as "crummy" and "go jump in the lake" have

separated themselves from her vocabulary like chaff from the grain.

If the passage of time has affected Debbie's swimming, it was not immediately evident at last week's AAU outdoor championships in Los Angeles. On opening night, she pared nearly two-tenths of a second off her own world record in the 400-meter freestyle with a time of 4:24.343. The next evening, however, she finished only third in the 400-meter individual medley, both her backstroke and breaststroke failing her. Returning to the freestyle on Sunday, Debbie easily won the 1,500. Although she failed to break the 800- or 1,500-meter records,

as she had hoped, she said afterward, "I'm just satisfied I won."

Debbie's performance in the 400 free was just one among 13 world records broken at the meet, which can only enhance the reputation of the Los Angeles Swim Stadium as one of the world's fastest pools. The suggestion that a swimming pool can be fast, the same as a track, may sound as if somebody had gone out and invented AstroWater, but in fact, the explanation has to do with the pool, not the water in it. Built for the 1932 Olympics and situated inspirationally in the shadow of the Los Angeles Coliseum, it is, quite simply, deep-



er—five feet at the shallowest point—than other pools, which generally taper to 3½ feet or less. This reduces waves that can slow a swimmer down. Something that accomplishes the same thing is the conformation of the gutters in the Swim Stadium, which tend to trap waves rather than allow them to wash back into the pool.

Probably the main reason that the

Swim Stadium is fast, though, is that swimmers like Debbie Meyer, who set three world records there in the 1968 Olympic Trials, have come to consider it so. Before leaving for the AAUs, Debbie put up a sign in her bedroom in Sacramento reading, "L.A. Is the Fastest Pool in the West." "Swimming in this pool is like being on a surfboard and having somebody push you," said Debbie,

who demonstrated that she still is—when she wants to be—the fastest female afloat.

The key question, of course, is how badly she really wants to be. Having graduated in June from Sacramento's Rio Americano High School, Debbie will enroll next month at American River College, a local two-year school. That will enable her to live at home and continue training with Sherm Chavoer, her coach at the Arden Hills Swim Club, a taskmaster who stresses endurance and obedience and thinks nothing of bellowing at his star swimmer. "Come on, you little nut, stop loafing. Show me some guts. You're driving me fruity."

Unfortunately, swimming is not fully compatible with growing up, this being a clear case of two kinds of pain competing jealously for the same victim. Despite her determination to continue swimming Debbie has lately been more balky ("how come no rest between laps, huh, Sherm?") than obedient. That may sometimes strain but has never actually impaired the affection that exists between Chavoer and herself. Asked not long ago whether theirs was a love-hate relationship, she answered softly, "Yes, but the hate is temporary and the love is permanent."

The pressures at work on Debbie were apparent over the weekend of her high school graduation, which was held in Sacramento's colonnaded municipal auditorium. Seated among her classmates Debbie fidgeted with her program, exchanged whispers with the boy next to her and scanned the balcony for a glimpse of her parents and three brothers. Suddenly she stirred to the sound of her name. "The valedictorian and salutatorian of the female sports world," the speaker said and Debbie, a tassel bobbing before her blue eyes like an insistent fly, arose to friendly applause. She appeared poised although, as she confided afterward, "I couldn't have been more embarrassed."

Later that evening Debbie attended the Class of 1970's all-night party at a bowling alley, but only after pausing to celebrate at home with her family. The first thing she did on entering the house was to make herself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a food that has been such a favorite of hers that a local sports-writer once tried to dub her "Peanut." The name didn't stick but the peanut but-

continued



ter did and Debbie, in honor of the occasion, washed it down with champagne.

If Chavoor could have had his way the valedictorian and salutatorian of the female sports world would have been asleep by midnight. Instead she remained at the bowling alley until daybreak. When she arrived the following day at practice, her first in nearly 48 hours, she was tired and aching. By the time the Arden Hills swimmers completed their first series of laps it was obvious that Debbie was struggling. "What's wrong with you?" demanded Chavoor.

"I'm sore all over," Debbie replied, clutching the edge of the pool. "I must have bowled 40 games."

"Who told you to bowl, you little nut?"

"Well, I had to do something. I couldn't just stand around all night."

After watching his charges swim a while longer Chavoor threw his hands into the air in horror. "These times on my stopwatch are awful," he cried.

He was addressing all the swimmers, but it was Debbie who spoke up. "Then why don't you wind it?" she asked.

That afternoon Debbie relaxed on the patio behind her house. She still wore her bathing suit and over it a football jersey that used to belong to her 20-year-old brother Cliff. A glass of iced tea in her hand, she watched as Cliff, home for the summer from Rutgers, tossed a Frisbee around on the lawn with the two younger Meyer boys, Jeff, 14, and Karl, 9. Nearby, their father Leonard (Bud) Meyer inspected a lawn-mower blade that had been damaged by a baseball that somebody—the evidence pointed to Little League Karl—had left under the pink oleander bush. Meanwhile, Betty Meyer was preparing dinner ("ugh, lamb," shuddered Debbie when the scent reached her) in the kitchen. Everybody was barefoot, as if shoes had been formally banned by some sort of family council.

Sipping thoughtfully on her iced tea, Debbie turned her attention from Frisbee to swimming. "There are a lot of girls who'd love to beat me," she said with an air of wonderment, as though it had dawned on her only that moment. "That puts pressure on me. But I just try to stay calm and set goals for myself. I'm glad I decided to keep swimming. If I hadn't I don't know what I would've done with myself." She chewed on an ice cube. "I guess that it's sort

of like playing king of the mountain."

As the 1972 Olympics draw nearer it may just be, as Chavoor insists it is, that "Debbie hasn't yet begun to scratch the surface of her abilities." Although her mark in the 800 meters has recently been broken, she still holds world freestyle records at 200, 400 and 1,500 meters, plus a grand total of nine American records. Last year, despite her post-Olympic doldrums, she posted the year's best times in three freestyle races and in the 400 IM. The latter is an event she began swimming in a big way after the Olympics, and until last week's poor showing at the AAUs she had been improving steadily. Chavoor would rather have seen her concentrate on her various freestyle specialties, but he bowed to her desire to try the IM as a way of keeping her interested in swimming. "Anything to amuse her," he shrugged. "Anything that will keep her from getting bored with it all."

Coming on top of her strength in the freestyle (her gold medals in Mexico were in the 200, 400 and 800 meters), Debbie's flirtation with the IM, along with a probable move into the 100 free and a couple of relays, make her a long-range contender, theoretically, in as many as seven events at Munich.

If this sounds ominously like the kind of buildup that preceded Mark Spitz' disappointing showing in Mexico, the parallel is not lost on Debbie, who realizes that she has reached an age at which many female swimmers have faltered. This has less to do with any biological facts of life, as is sometimes supposed, than it does with motivation. Unlike their male counterparts, who have a full program of college competition and scholarships to spur them on, the incentives for women swimmers, apart from the Olympics, consist of just three or four big meets a year. The matter of incentives is important because staying on top in swimming requires much the same dogged work as getting there, which is not the case, say, in playing king—or queen—of the mountain.

Of her situation today Debbie Meyer says, "I'd better watch out or else one of these 13-year-olds is going to come along and beat me." She says it without cracking a smile, as if recalling her own rise to the top, one that occurred so quickly and unexpectedly that her father still shakes his head and marvels. "Sometimes I can't get over living with

a champion." Debbie was 8, hardly young by the standards of the sport, when Bud and Betty Meyer started her in competitive swimming back in Haddonfield, N.J., and by the time Meyer, a plant executive for Campbell Soup Co., was transferred to Sacramento in 1965 his 12-year-old daughter was still an also-swam in local AAU county meets.

Arriving at Arden Hills, Debbie plunged eagerly into the pool only to drag herself out, too exhausted to even complete Chavoor's arduous daily workouts. But she responded to the challenge and her growing strength, on top of a classic stroke, made her a natural for Chavoor's racing strategy, which is to go out in front and stay there. It was only a matter of months before Chavoor jubilantly told the Meyers, "I think we've got ourselves a champion." In July 1967, barely two years after moving to California, Debbie set her first world record, lowering the old mark in the 400 freestyle by more than five seconds.

Other world records fell apace, including those three in a single week at the 1968 Olympic Trials. While Debbie was training with the U.S. team in Colorado Springs her father sent her a card reading: HAPPINESS IS A GOLD MEDAL. The card came back, its message altered in a girlish hand to read: HAPPINESS IS THREE GOLD MEDALS. When Debbie returned from Mexico, Rio Americano High closed for the afternoon to honor her and its other Olympic swimmers, Arden Hills teammates Sue Pedersen, Vicki King and Johnny Ferris.

Rio Americano, a suburban-style school designed in the soft pastels and cool lines of a Kleenex box, boasts other assets besides good swimmers, including a well-stocked resource center, this being the kind of facility known at less-favored schools as the library. What with her underwater study habits, Debbie hit the resources hard enough to maintain a B average, although she had cause to wonder about one of those Bs. It was in swimming, precision swimming, actually, and her problem, in effect, was that she did not swim slowly enough to comply with the easy, rhythmic style prescribed by the course. Moved by the irony of it all, the queen of the swimmers proudly showed her B in swimming around for all to see.

The time she devoted to her sport, along with the fame she achieved in return, tended to set Debbie somewhat

continued

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apart from her classmates. The inscriptions they entered in her school yearbook were short on breezy familiarities ("Love ya, Deb") and long on formalities bordering on the ceremonial. "I must admit I was very honored to know you," one classmate wrote, while another signed, "From a devout swimming fan." More casual, if no less awkward, was the boy who wrote, "Be cool, keep the faith and don't turn into a fish."

"I could have become more involved in high school," Debbie admits. "I missed some of the action, things like dances and football games. And I wish I'd dated more often." As part of a deliberate effort to play down swimming, her bedroom is adorned with the inevitable Paul Newman poster and strewn with record albums—everything from Andy Williams to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young—but she has long since cleared away her trophies and medals. "It used to be embarrassing when kids came over," she explains. It is for similar reasons that she abides the display of only one trophy in the family living room: the Sullivan Award she won as the nation's top amateur athlete of 1968.

Debbie has benefited from the kind of parental sacrifice so common in swimming. Soon after the family's arrival in Sacramento, Bud Meyer was transferred again, this time to Modesto, Calif., but he has elected to commute 140 miles round trip ever since, rather than take Debbie away from Chavoor. Still, the Meyers are careful not to compound her pressures. "The moment swimming isn't fun any more you better quit," her father advises and Debbie replies, "If my parents were pushy I think I would have quit long ago."

The Meyers' laissez-faire approach is also appreciated by Chavoor, who can think of plenty of overbearing swimming parents who might do well to follow their example. "When their kid wins it's heredity," he says of such people. "When their kid loses, it's the coach." Lately, though, Chavoor has actually turned to the Meyers for assistance in handling Debbie, with the result that the delicate triangular relationship between coach, parents and swimmer has been buffeted by gentle shock waves running along the hypotenuse.

One problem that concerns Chavoor is Debbie's weight, currently 127 pounds, eight pounds more than at the Olympics. In the Meyer kitchen Debbie has

posted two clippings on the refrigerator, one a diet for shedding pounds quickly, the other a recipe for butterscotch squares. To the Meyers, Chavoor urgently pleads, "We've got to do something about her weight."

"You're the coach, Sherm," Betty Meyer replies cheerily.

"Well, I'm not around when the little nut is stuffing herself."

The various shadings of Chavoor's dealings with Debbie came into bolder relief at the national indoor championships last spring in Cincinnati, where Debbie entered the 400-yard IM over the objections of her coach, who felt she had a better chance of winning the 200. His judgment seemed vindicated when Debbie just barely qualified in eighth place in the IM trials. Before the finals Chavoor, whose 60th birthday it was, sat in his motel room complaining to the Meyers, "If she'd listen to me, maybe she'd be a good swimmer some day." Only then did he notice Debbie's solemn face in the doorway.

As she stepped forward for the start of the IM finals Debbie neither waved to friends nor chatted with opponents, as she often does. Her eyes were frozen on the water. She proceeded to win the event in 4:34.2, nine seconds faster than her time in the trials. When Chavoor leaned over at poolside to congratulate her, Debbie planted a kiss on his cheek. "How's that for a birthday present, Sherm?" she asked.

So long as she can summon it at will, Debbie's competitive spirit remains her greatest strength. One rival who inspires her, and she is to be found right there at Arden Hills, is Vicki King, a teenager from St. Louis whose parents sent her to Sacramento to swim for Chavoor three years ago. On her arrival Vicki moved in with the Meyers. In the past year she has emerged as a serious threat to Debbie in distance events. The two girls are not close, and Vicki has since found another home. At practice Chavoor usually divides his swimmers into two groups, and Debbie invariably gravitates toward one, Vicki the other.

Debbie, six months Vicki's elder, sounds a note of conciliation when she says, "I can't hold a grudge against Vicki. All she wants is to knock me off. I knocked other girls off without hitting an eyelash."

Another tormentor is Karen Moras, a 16-year-old Australian who twice de-

feated Debbie when the latter toured Australia last January. It was summer Down Under and Debbie's off season, but the results were a confidence builder for Karen, and it was she who subsequently broke Debbie's record in the 800-meter freestyle, most recently with a 9:02.45 clocking last month in Scotland. Only a week earlier, Debbie had swum the same event in the Santa Clara (Calif.) Invitational in a disappointing 9:14.63, hardly a performance to allay the doubts reflected by one West Coast newspaper headline that read: DENMIT'S SWIM DYNASTY TOPPLERS.

As that suggests, it is tempting to regard anything less than a world record on Debbie's part as a sign she is slipping. The specter haunts nobody more than it does Chavoor, who hopes that his swimmer will become more tenacious as the Munich Olympics draw near. "She's holding back a little now because she doesn't want to hurt as much," he says. "Sometimes I ask myself, am I doing the right thing by torturing her this way? But then I think of all that ability she has. It's driving me fruity."

Both Debbie and Chavoor were reasonably satisfied with her performance at Los Angeles last week. They were enthusiastic over her new freestyle mark—her first world record in more than a year—and Chavoor, who was still nurturing the hope that she would abandon the IM, was pleased when Debbie admitted, "I found out one thing at this meet. My bag is freestyle."

Wherever that revelation leads her, it apparently had the effect for now of unburdening her. Between events she wore any of a dozen-old T shirts and curled up at poolside reading *Coffee, Tea or Me*, the bestseller about airline stewardesses. Debbie pronounced the book "a gas" but fretted over one racy passage purportedly involving an ex-Olympic woman swimmer. "It gave the wrong impression," she said.

One of the T shirts she wore was a shapeless smoke-colored affair she had bought a few months ago. It had come with the inscription, "Munch 1972!!!" But Debbie, in an alteration reminiscent of the one she had performed on her father's card in 1968, had made it read: "Munch 1972!!" Recently, however, the ink she applied had faded, the result of too many washings. As if to mock her, the question marks on the shirt were now plainly visible.

END

MERRILY THEY ROLLED ALONG...

The sky was almost azure and the grass was nearly green as New York's Central Park banned its automobiles and its muggers to provide a sylvan setting for a national championship **by JEANNETTE BRUCE**

It was a road race that, in the end, forced one to drag out all the old clichés: virtue is its own reward; everything comes to him who waits; beware the fury of a patient man, and so forth. Then, too, one must always expect a dropped stitch or two in the fabric of sport when an event is held in Central Park, that relative oasis tucked in the very core of bedeviled Manhattan.

For the third time in 15 years New York had won the bid for the Amateur Bicycle League's national cycling championships, and last week for a few hours the roar of the auto in the park would be replaced by the sibilant swish of the racing bike. The muggy weather was threatening and had promised and delivered rain intermittently all week, but on this third Friday in August the sky cleared and the sun touched the trees, warmed the grass and sent dogs, strolling with their owners, into frisking frenzy.

It was mostly dogs and owners who looked up with some surprise when the bikes began to wheel into the Ramble, just west of 79th Street and Fifth Avenue, at about 8:30 a.m. Champions from more than 20 states were about to compete in the prestige event of U.S. cycling, the senior men's road race. They would pedal an 18-lap course, six miles to a lap, over macadam terrain that would take them on a circular trip adding up to 108 miles, past the (on the surface, at least) sparkling 72nd Street Lake, tennis courts, Sheep Meadow, a swimming pool near Harlem dredged out of a swamp, and other unnatural scenic jewels beloved by concrete-compressed New Yorkers.

The competitors, announced an official over a public-address system, had been training for this race all year, cycling, some of them, 600 miles a week. Take Mike Carnahan, for example, the voice continued, a man so dedicated that this was his fifth try for the national title, a chemical engineer by profession but so in love with his sport that they say he built a rack on his bike to carry

one or more of his four children to increase the weight as he cycled uphill. Pushing 30 Mike was, but dogged about racing. Good old Mike, and if there was just the slightest emphasis on the "old," well, there were all those fresh-faced kids from 18 to 23 or so to consider. Though James Huettner, from Amherst, N.Y., seemed to be the favorite, it could be anybody's race—Bill Best, Douglas Dale, Tom Garrity, John Howard, Stanley Swain, even Carnahan, all fine riders, all potential Olympic team material, if not prospective gold-medalists. (No hope of that; the U.S. has not won a cycling medal in the Olympics since 1912.)

"We get no financial support, no help from anyone to encourage cycling," says Al Toefield, president of the ABL. "That isn't the kind of treatment that builds Olympic teams. Frankly, this sport is hanging on by a fingernail. If it wasn't for the dedication of a few, we would disappear altogether." Nevertheless, the ABL plans to send its first women's team to the Olympics in 1976.

The dedication that holds cycling together was apparent as the competitors flashed through the first eight laps. Starting up an incline known as Cat's Paw, named for a snarling statue of a cat perched atop an enormous boulder alongside the track, the cyclists had to go up and down a road that culminates, at its steepest point, in Snake Hill, a serpentine bit of torture that twists and turns seemingly forever, then suddenly goes downgrade, then offers more ups and downs with only one straightaway stretch on which to collect wits and muscles. Surprisingly, there was only one spill in the four hours and 28 minutes it took to complete the 18 laps.

Junior riders, who competed on the preceding day, had not been so lucky. Spectators had seen a spectacular pile-up in that event, with 10 bikes and 10 boys flying in all directions. There had also been one encounter with a dog, the road racer's recurring nightmare. The seniors, however, were suffering only the

mundane mishaps of the sport: flat tires, an occasional damaged wheel that equipment cars quickly replaced. Bill Henderson complained that his pump had fallen off, but it was nowhere to be seen. "A mugger probably got it already," muttered one of the referees, and Henderson kept going. Traffic was closed to cars, but no one had thought to tell the drivers of the park's horse-drawn hackneys about the bike race. Their carriages, decorated with flowers and filled with tourists, clippety-clipped along as the cyclists streamed by. One racer snatched a blossom as he sped past and stuck it over his ear.

Despite such interludes, there was no doubt that the cyclists were serious as



they traveled their circular rounds. The pack stayed close and tight, taking advantage of vacuums created by the wind. Racers who tried premature breakaways early in the race, rushing out from by themselves, never managed more than a 20- or 30-second lead. If you dared stray from the fold, you were soon caught. Good old Mike Carnahan was nowhere to be seen. Much of the time the leading cyclists seemed to be playing yo-yo, with first one contender taking the lead, then dropping back, up and back, up and back, a deliberate strategy to keep pace in spite of the wind resistance that inevitably slows the leader. Then, with six laps left, the racers got down to the serious business of breaking away for home.

By now spectators were cheering all the leading riders indiscriminately, their rooting interest unfocused but their applause sincere. Many of them had only been strolling in the dappled light of sun and trees when it all began, and now here came a bent old man tottering over the hill that separates the rush of Fifth Avenue from the Ramble.

"Started riding myself in 1903," he announced, peering after the flying cyclists as they started off once more for Cat's Paw. "This race now is man's work, you got to train from March till the snow buries your bike. Then you put on ice skates and keep them legs toned up. Same muscles. Ice skaters cycle off season for the same reason, stay in shape. Even that champion girl, Miss Nancy Fancy [Peggy Fleming], cycles when she ain't skating. Said so."

When the pack returned some 14 minutes later, the old man was still in spirited converse with himself. "What are those two boys doing so far out in front with five laps to go? Can't never hold that pace, ought to know better. Well, life is full of people who burn themselves out early, can't be helped. Now, your good riders are right in there with the pack, somewheres up front, waiting for the right time to make their move. There's where your winner is."

Mike Carnahan first jumped his wheel out of the pack with three laps to go, and a fellow New Yorker named Edward Parrott clung to his tail. The two

paced each other nearly to the end, with Stanley Swain, Mike Levonas and Doug Dale giving furious chase. Then the 29-year-old Carnahan sprinted for the wire, with the tall, skinny Levonas trying in vain to catch Carnahan and shake Dale. Swain dropped away, still ahead of Parrott, who visibly was pooped. And it was over.

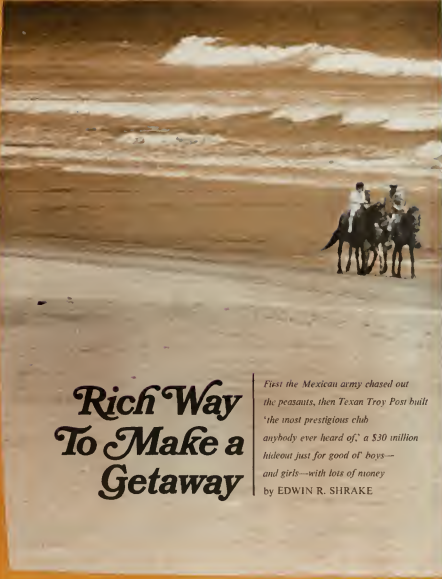
Carnahan, a winner at last and unfamiliar with the role, smiled sheepishly as cameras clicked. His jersey, faded and dusty, was an indeterminate gray-blue, his face was streaked with sweat. He took the bouquet of roses someone gave him and quickly handed them to his wife. More pictures, this time with the grinning runner-up, Levonas, and Dale.

"I could have come in second if I had tightened my pedal clip," said Dale, without rancor. "I loosened it when my foot got numb. I didn't think, but that's what wins or loses a bike race."

The sun, still shining bright over Central Park, was already wilting the roses. The old man moved slowly off toward Fifth Avenue. "Brains don't hurt none," he snorted.

END





Rich Way To Make a Getaway

First the Mexican army chased out the peasants, then Texan Troy Post built 'the most prestigious club anybody ever heard of,' a \$30 million hideout just for good ol' boys—and girls—with lots of money
by EDWIN R. SHRAKE



There is a story that Texas merchant millionaire Marvin Leonard looked out a window one day while having lunch at Shady Oaks, the elaborate and quite exclusive country club he built in a rolling, wooded pasture on the west side of Fort Worth. Four golfers were driving electric carts down the first fairway, a couple more were standing on the 9th green and four tiny figures could be seen at a tee far off on a piece of high ground in the distance. Leonard frowned and called for the club pro. "What the hell is going on here—a tournament?" he demanded.

About 40 miles east of Shady Oaks an old friend of Leonard's, Troy Post, has just parked his Continental Mark III in front of his office building. Bruce Leadbetter, the

young red-haired president of The Post Company, is upstairs in his own office talking about his place in Baja California. "I can take off in my plane from Phoenix and when I get altitude I radio my boat captain in Baja. By the time I'm coming down I can see the wake of the boat heading toward the airstrip to pick me up, and a few minutes later I'm fishing," says Leadbetter, who made his reputation in Dallas by transforming a moribund apartment project into a fancy hotel.

A buzzer sounds. Mr. Post is waiting. Leadbetter rises, cinches up his tie, buttons his cuffs and puts on his coat to walk a few feet down the hall to the office where Post sits behind a desk. Post is wearing a green suit, white-on-white shirt, gold tie and gold cuff links. He regards Lead-

continued

Getaway continued

better approvingly and then frowns as he peers through gold-wire spectacles at his visitor, whose outfit is a bit careless. This office is no place to look sloshy. "Down in Acapulco a man might go around dressed, ah, *informally*," Post says in a voice that is eerily like that of Lyndon B. Johnson, who is an old friend, "but when you enter a man's business office, where serious affairs are conducted, there is a, ah, *proper* manner of dress. In Dallas you don't go around without socks."

Troy V. Post grew up in the small West Texas town of McConnel, which is a weed patch now. He did a lot of plowing and chopping as a boy. With a stake of \$186 he worked his way into insurance and finance, and during World War II he offered to sell protection to GIs, who were considered unwise risks by other actuarial thinkers. In 1965 Post's Greatamerica Corporation, which controlled, among other things, Braniff Airways, had grown so large that Post sold it to Jim Ling, still another friend and something of a protégé, for \$500 million. That left Post with a \$3 million house in north Dallas, an island in Hawaii, a staggering collection of clocks that is continually supplemented by agents around the globe and a few commercial ventures of sufficient size to satisfy most ambitions.

"But I got thinking about what Marvin Leonard had done," said Post. "I was one of the original members of Colonial Country Club, the first club Marvin built, and I watched him build that next club at Shady Oaks—not to make money but for pleasure—and I figured that had prolonged Marvin's life 20 years. It gave me the idea to build a club of my own. I had been over to Mauna Kea, Rockefeller's club in Hawaii. Now, that's a swell club, all right but it's hard to get a starting time on the golf course there. If you belong to a club and spend your money at it, you like to be able to tee off whenever you please. A real golfer is willing to pay the price for that privilege. What it meant was that my club had to be really big and really nice, and above all it had to be really exclusive. You don't want to sit around all day because the golf course is too crowded."

Post began searching for a site. He wanted warm weather, sunshine and convenience. The location had to be handy for international club-hoppers. Both U.S. coasts were rejected for several reasons, including the sort of advanced provincialism that causes a New Yorker to sneer at California, a Californian to grow ill at the thought of New York and both to be aghast at the idea of visiting Texas. Finally, Post poked his finger down on the map at a spot called Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of the Mexican state of Guerrero, and it was here that he decided to build his conception of a superoligarchic country club called Tres Vidas en la Playa.

Tres Vidas en la Playa means "three lives on the beach" in Spanish. "The way I conceive of it, the three lives are recreation, relaxation and communication," Post says. "At Tres Vidas you can get away from the outside world, rest and play sports, but you'll run into some of your own kind to talk to." A Tres Vidas member said recently he considers the three lives to be "achievement, sociability and recreation. You can't get in this club if you haven't got a lot of money and a good record or good contacts, and you can't stay in it unless the other big shots like you.

As for the recreation, anybody would have to admit there's plenty of that."

Acapulco is a fantasy—whatever you want it to be. Once a village dominated by a stone fortress on a hill above a magnificent bay, Acapulco is now a city of about 100,000 permanent residents. During the official "season," from December until Easter, the population expands to 500,000 or more. The villas in La Pinarón, La Quebrada, Las Brisas or the newer section in the heights above the old golf course are crowded with elegant people who wear no socks or neckties; the views from these villas are spectacular vistas of mountains, jungle and blue water. Much closer, often immediately beneath the pools and terraces, are the smells of cooking fires of the very poor, and their pigs and chickens and naked children wander around palm-thatch huts.

For most American and European tourists Acapulco is a strip of tall glassy hotels that rise along a crescent of beach fronting on the bay. If the tourists leave this strip, it is to buy *miror* remedies at an air-conditioned, Americanized department store called Sanborns, shop for sandals and straw hats in the market, go out in chartered boats in quest of sailfish and marlin, dance in expensive discothèques or eat hamburgers in plastic and vinyl restaurants where *nutrimentarios* believe they can get food just like back in Tulsa. (Many gringos are upset upon eating at high-priced restaurants that advertise "U.S. beef," not knowing that all beef served in Mexico is Mexican, the label meaning only that the beef is supposedly judged by U.S. standards.)

Walking along this resort hotel strip, looking at the fat ladies in shorts and sunglasses, it is almost possible to imagine Miami Beach. But a few blocks from this strip—sometimes a few yards—the rest of Acapulco begins. Were it not for tourists Acapulco would depend mainly on copra, sesame seeds, fruit and fishing for its commerce. It can be a tough town and very wild, tropically busy and suddenly violent. Three years ago, on Avenida Ejido in the north part of town, the army broke up a union meeting of copra workers by opening fire, killing 33 and wounding more than a hundred. A year earlier several cops had been drinking beer all afternoon at a sidewalk café on the *zócalo*, an auto backfire caused them to jerk for their pistols and begin shooting each other. Bandits are not uncommon on the highways between Mexico City and Acapulco or on the road north along the coast to Zihuatanejo, where most of the region's most famous product—a weed called Acapulco Gold—is grown. Thousands of poor people camp on hillsides of the town and work as servants in hotels and villas, and farther out, in stands of coconut palms, every man carries his own machete, but these people are more willing to be friendly than a gringo has any right to expect. The life there is hot, hard, lurid and indolent, filled with such amusements as the arrival of a cruise ship from Liverpool with hure-legged Germans and baffled British, or the sight of secretaries from Manhattan, reddening in the sand. Death may come early to a *campesino* or a housemaid, but who is to say for sure that a poor man with his family in a dirt-floored hut that looks down at the Pacific is worse off than one who lives in a heavily mortgaged brick box in a claustrophobic suburb, working 50 weeks a year in a factory so



Proprietorially posed at poolside: Tres Vidas Owner Post and wife.

that once in his life he can go to Acapulco and gaze at the Pacific with his own eyes and say to his wife, "Madge, this is what I call living."

Besides considering climate and convenience, Troy Post selected Acapulco because construction costs there are still relatively cheap. A club with the dimensions of Tres Vidas simply could not have been built in the United States or in Europe for less than the cost of, say, reconstructing Englewood, N.J. For one thing, the club as envisioned by Post's architects and designers—among whom was the intercontinental dandy Valerian Rybar—called for an incredible amount of handcrafted work, mosaics, carvings, intricately laid patterns of stone and brick. This is artisan stuff. Work of this quality can still be obtained in the United States but at enormous expense and uncertain quality. In our work ethic it has somehow become thought of as unmanly, even embarrassing and suckersish, for a worker to be proud of a masterful job.

That is not the case in Mexico. Whatever faults Mexican workers may have, they do not lack pride or skill. "These people are natural artists," says Post. "They've had to use their hands to exist. In our country we've pretty much gotten away from using our hands, but the Mexicans still work on a building the way an artist works on a statue."

Land in Mexico is cheap, too, compared with prices in other choice and convenient locales, particularly considering Acapulco's beauty. There are laws, however, that are meant to regulate the exploitation of Mexican land. No foreigner may own property within 50 miles of the coast. The beaches are for the use of the people. A tourist who is paying \$75 per day to lie on the sand has no more privacy than the natives who walk on it for free. On the beaches in front of the very swankiest of hotels on the Acapulco strip, peddlers roam with sunglasses and armloads of huaraches and children come down from the hills to play in the surf.

But the law about owning coastal property has a loophole the Mexican navy could sail through. Hundreds of gringos own homes in Acapulco, for example, by owning control of small Mexican corporations that in turn own the homes. With a good Mexican lawyer or a friend of Mexican citizenship it is simple to acquire at least a long lease on a piece of land on the shore. When Post announced his

corporation would pour \$20 million into the Mexican economy (some of his Dallas associates say Post has put more than \$30 million into Tres Vidas, exceeding his corporate authorization but unlikely to bring complaints from Mexico), the government welcomed him as if he were Quetzalcoatl returning from the sea.

The site Post picked is about 20 miles down the coast from Acapulco, beyond the new airport. He obtained anywhere from six to 15 miles of oceanfront, depending on who tells the story, in a stretch that faces the Pacific and backs up to copra fields, with gigantic Lake Papagayo, six times larger than Acapulco Bay and as yet undeveloped, a few miles farther inland. In contrast to the splendor of Acapulco Bay, with its steeply rising hills that evoke comparison with Hong Kong, Post's land was flat, barren and uninteresting; the gray surf crashed onto muddy sand and there were mountains back in the distance, but one would never have gone there for scenery.

On Good Friday four years ago the Mexican army, with bayonets, moved onto the future Post land, cleared out squatters who had lived there for generations and built

continued



Figuring a man shouldn't have to wait, Post built two golf courses.



Spotted at one end of the pool is a handy swim-in bar serving up exotic drinks and cooling, half-submerged seating.

Getaway continued

dozed their huts. This move was not greatly popular with the squatters, but real-estate speculators cheered it as progress of the happiest sort. Post himself estimates that since the onset of the Tres Vidas project, land in the area is worth more than 10 times what it cost him to buy it. "The one big reason for the existence of Tres Vidas is to make money on land development around the club," says an Acapulco real-estate dealer. Post admits that the initiation fees, monthly dues and even the exorbitant daily rental on a suite or villa at Tres Vidas can never pay half of what the club cost to build and operate.

"I'm not crazy," Post says. "I didn't go into this to lose my shirt. But I don't intend to make a profit off the members of Tres Vidas. My return will be in the adjoining land, in rising property values." He intends to build a public golf course and other hotels on his land outside the Tres Vidas walls, to create a new Miami Beach-like resort strip, another tourist city reaching down the Costa Chica. Already J. Paul Getty, D. K. Ludwig and Warren Avis are deeply involved in resort developments near Tres Vidas and potential investors step off nearly every airliner into the dazzling heat.

Before developments of the scope of Tres Vidas could be financially successful there had to be better transportation into Acapulco. Post helped to convince the Mexican government to allow airlines other than government-

owned Aeromaves to fly directly to Acapulco rather than having to unload passengers in Mexico City. The airline Post had primarily in mind was, naturally, Braniff. "I knew we couldn't get in, though, without taking in several other airlines," says Post. "I don't guess they'll ever thank me for it, but everybody has benefited from this deal."

With land acquired and transportation available, Tres Vidas began to become a fact. An army of 2,300 workers started making furniture and fixtures in wood and metal shops, laying cobblestone streets and walkways, digging wells, making bricks. More than 6,000 palm trees were planted on what had been grassy dunes, and uncountable numbers of flowers, spice and fruit plants were sown about the grounds. By now Post had hired Jimmy Ukaaka from Hawaii as executive vice-president to supervise the project and see to the two golf courses designed by Robert Trent Jones. Post felt that if his intention of never having to wait in line to tee off were to be realized, Tres Vidas demanded two golf courses for its quota of 800 members. "I belong to six country clubs, and not one of them has as few as 400 members per course," he says. "With those other clubs, too, the members live within driving distance. Our members live all over the world, with the exception of Acapulco. We don't want resident members. So I don't see how our courses can ever be crowded."

Jimmy Ukaaka, a golf pro, had known both Post and Jim Ling for years. He and Post are partners in a golf course in Hawaii. Ukaaka was not eager to leave the islands, but he packed up his family and bought a house in

Acapulco. To his surprise he found that shallow wells brought fresh water for Tres Vidas grasses and plants. Though the city of Acapulco has a constant water shortage, Tres Vidas seemed to have all the water it could ever need. For a while they even thought the water would be fresh enough to drink, but there was a complication. Although the water is fairly free of bacteria it has a potent mineral content. "Drinking this water is like taking a dose of salts," says one Tres Vidas employee.

Besides watching over, and slightly altering, the two courses (one seaside links and one U.S. country club conventional), Ukauka had the responsibility of being certain the golfers had grass to play on. A golf course a few miles down the road had been under construction for years and still looked like Death Valley. Jimmy flew to Tifton, Ga. and returned with an attache case full of sprigs of Tifgreen and Tiflawn (dwarf). He planted the grass and nurtured it until he could cut out blocks for companies of workmen to spring into the ground by hand. Within two months of the springing, vast fields of green lawn flourished at Tres Vidas.

Post wanted Tres Vidas to be "the most exclusive country club in the world." The first 250 members were invited to join at \$5,000 each plus \$40 monthly dues, a bargain for those who care. Each additional 100 members paid an extra \$1,000 initiation. At the moment there are about



Living easy, a white can golf-cart right up to her arched door.

500 members, and they own about 200 private jets, more jets than could be mustered by the Mexican air force.

The Tres Vidas board of directors includes Post, Ling, former Mexican President Miguel Alemán (chairman), Sir Frank Packer of Australia, Bolivian tin baron Antenor Patino, Count Ferdinand von Bismarck of Germany, chemical magnate Tokusaburo Kosaka of Japan, Giovanni Agnelli of Fiat, Italian politician and fashion designer Marchese Emilio Pucci di Barsento, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, Prince Franz Joseph II of Liechtenstein, Prince Rainier of Monaco, the Portuguese Duke of Cadaval, the Spanish Duke of Arión, Count Jean de Beaumont of France, former U.S. Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, Richard Berlin of Hearst, former New York Stock Exchange Chairman Gustave Levy, John D. Harper of Akona, Gordon Metcalf of Sears, Roebuck, George Moore of First National City Bank of New York. Then there are ordinary members like Texas lumber tycoon Arthur Temple, Gary Laughlin of the oil business in Texas and Argentina, and Harding Lawrence of Braniff, whose wife is Mary Wells of the advertising agency, and so many others that they ought to wear numbers on their backs. Post's delight at this is immense; never was such a crowd assembled in McConnell. "This is the most prestigious club anybody ever heard of," he gins. "Why, our board of directors reads like *Who's Who* itself."

One problem in getting all these lovely folks together is Acapulco's artificial season. Those who read society columns know one is not to be found anywhere near Acapulco between Easter and Thanksgiving. "Hawaii used to have a season, too, but the jets changed that. Now Hawaii is just as crowded in July and August as it is in January and February. Jets will make Acapulco a 12-month resort," says Post. "The Acapulco season," Ukauka says, "is an invention of gringos who don't know better."

They are right about the season. The worst time to be in Acapulco is in late April and early May, when farmers in the hills and out in the *tierra caliente* are burning fields to prepare for the next planting. A haze like smog covers the sky, and the hills are brown and dry. When the rainy season comes in June the skies clear up, hills turn green and the sun is hot for long periods, broken by rain. Fishermen figure there will be 60 days of sun and 60 days of rain, in no predictable order, during the rainy season.

continued



Surrounded by touches of elegant handwork, guests dine in style.

Getaway *revisited*

Weather then has some drama. Rather than the unrehearsed sunny glory of winter ("Another gorgeous day in Acapulco," says Tres Vidas tennis pro Don Budge every morning, with more than a touch of boredom), the rainy season offers terrible thunderstorms with inspiring shows of lightning and nights of wind driving the rain hard against the roof and shutters. Every so often a Pacific hurricane may blow away the awnings and the rain gauge, close the port and cause flooding in mountain villages that are never quite prepared for frequent catastrophes.

Last Easter there were some 250 members and guests at Tres Vidas for the weekend, and a large crowd gathered for a party in March to watch the solar eclipse from the roof of the Clubhouse (Rybar, Robert Finch, Joseph E. Levine and Linda Christian were among the participants who lay on cushions in a rather Moroccan setting and peeked at the eclipse through 20 boxes which had been built for the occasion at a cost of \$100 each). But a couple of weeks later the entire club was entertaining less than 40 guests. The several restaurants, open from early morning until midnight under the chieftom of Emanuel de Camp of Maxum's in Paris, were empty of nearly all but waiters and a party of Oklahoma insurance salesmen and wives who had come to Tres Vidas as a reward for hot selling: the strobes of their movie cameras lighting up the ornate chandeliers and the fantastic ceiling of the cocktail lounge—a domed, patterned brick ceiling so lightly and artfully done it looks like woven straw.

When the insurance salesmen departed, there were less than 20 guests, the ratio of servants to guests at more than



Spanish architectural influence marks a superoligarchic setting.



To spruce up the place Post imported 6,000 palm trees, added spice plants and flowers and created a tropical aura

30 to one. Tres Vidas has a staff of about 600, all paid higher than the local average wage of \$2.50 per day and none of whom appear beaten down with labor. It is not unusual to look up from a book and find eight people somehow engaged around one two-bedroom villa—two men watering the flowers, another on an aluminum ladder changing light bulbs, one fiddling with the wooden lid that hides light switches for the pool, each villa is equipped with, a security guard standing on the seawall in green coveralls, two more riding post in a golf cart, and inside the room a maid who has been there for hours and comes out occasionally to talk, to pull the piners off a crab, to look at the ocean. With so few members and guests in the place, those who do arrive are curiosities, the only show for miles up and down the beach, where empty white red-tile-roofed villas stand like Palm Beach houses seen in a mirror that reflects the same image on and on. There is a more intelligent attitude toward work in Mexico than among the hustlers in the North. In the evening at Tres Vidas the setting sun is like a round wet cherry, and the light on the water is golden, and all along the seawall are gardeners and maids quietly watching the display for half an hour or more.

No matter how deserted Tres Vidas may be, Troy Post maintains his dream of exclusivity and respectability. Last spring Hugh Hefner of *Playboy* arrived in Acapulco in his private black 707 jet with a load of bunnies and dudes to meet Bernie Cornfeld, the peppy little fellow who bought himself a castle with money he made selling mutual funds in Europe. Cornfeld had been talking to Post about developing property at one end of Tres Vidas and Hefner now wished to discuss developing the other end. But no one had mentioned to Post that Hefner intended to be included. When the information reached Post that Hefner and several bunnies were *inside the walls of Tres Vidas*, well, as Ukaaka put it, "the old man had a fit. He said ask Mr. Hefner to leave and tell Mr. Cornfeld there is no deal between us." *Playboy* magazine is banned in Mexico, where only men may bare their breasts in public, and you may believe that bunnies are certainly banned from Tres Vidas unless they arrive singly or with acceptable escorts. Cornfeld had reserved 10 bedrooms (two-bedroom villas rent for \$250 per day), but he gave them up and quarters were found for the bunnies at Warren Avis' house in Las Brisas. Cornfeld and Hefner went off to look at sites in Zihuatanejo, where there are no tall glass Hiltons and not a country club within 150 miles.

Such decorum is more a requirement of Tres Vidas than of the Acapulco community. In the afternoons Acapulco businessmen may be seen strolling along downtown streets carrying briefcases and with coat, shirt and necktie neatly folded over one arm. There is always some female tourist showing enough flesh to have her chased out of less sophisticated areas of Mexico. A few years ago a promoter from California moved to Acapulco and gave a cocktail party to celebrate his desire to build a big hotel. He hired a printer to do up 500 engraved invitations. Instead, the printer made 5,000 invitations, the surplus to be sold or given away in town. The cocktail party was jammed. People from the streets surged into the ballroom waving invitations. The Californian looked at this scene in dismay; most of those invited had come, as well as thou-

sands of uninvited, and he was the only man in the room wearing a coat and tie.

This is not to say formal dress is expected at Tres Vidas. The requirement is for approved behavior. Many Tres Vidas members plan to build their own houses on the grounds. The design and decor of these houses must be certified by the board of directors as belonging to the "club village." If you don't fit in you get out.

At Tres Vidas recreation is extensive: golf, tennis on clay courts and grass, horseback riding on the beach, surfing (this section of the coast has a high population of sharks, stingrays and sand fleas, as well as a powerful undertow that discourages surfing), freshwater fishing in Lake Papagayo and the Papagayo River, hunting for waterfowl, deer, wild boar, cougar and mountain lion. The clubhouse has saunas, reducing and muscle-building equipment, whirlpools and pressure hoses, massage tables, barber and beauty shops. Between the clubhouse and the beach is an enormous swimming pool with, at one end, a bar with stools in the water. The golf shop, run by pro Earl Whitten, and the tennis shop, run by former Mexican Davis Cup star Alfredo Millet, are owned by Tres Vidas, as is the boutique. At this boutique not long ago Lyndon Johnson ordered himself \$200 worth of the white linen shirts so often seen around Mexican resorts. Rather than supplying the handmade shirts Johnson wanted, the boutique manager rushed into town, bought the shirts at J.C. Penney's and proudly presented them to the ex-President without removing the labels. The boutique is currently under new management.

One lady guest at Tres Vidas was sitting in the golf shop with an anxious expression as she waited for her husband to be rubbed and jiggled in the men's locker room. Finally she spoke up: "Those soldiers at the airport with guns, who are they protecting us from? Do the people hate us?"

"The soldiers are not protecting us, they're protecting the airport," replied Beto Batani, whose job title is director of special services. "We have our own guards."

The woman was only slightly reassured. She could still sense something wild, hot, nameless and probably threatening out there in those mountains and jungles, and she felt somehow uneasy even here in the air conditioning, behind glass and stone, with guards at every gate and dozens more patrolling the grounds. The state of Guerrero has no railroads, hardly any highways and few telephones. Zihuatanejo has one public phone and its number is easy enough to remember—1. Guerrero is known for blood feuds lasting generations. Dope farmers in the mountains ambush soldiers with more bloody efficiency than was ever managed by moonshiners in the U.S. In parts of Guerrero the law may be two or three days away and coming on horseback, if at all. The state of Michoacán, on Guerrero's northern border, is even wilder and rougher.

But the arrival of jets and big hotels and Tres Vidas en la Playa with their accessory developments is pushing back the jungles at a rate far faster than man had been able to do with a machete for hundreds of years. "We are creating a whole new aspect of Mexico," says Post. In the midst of which privacy still is secure for those who can afford it.

END

PEOPLE

Joe Namath reported in last week at war with the press ("Everything that's been written about me is a lie") but with a softer message for autograph seekers, who came away with:

*Peace
Joe Namath*

At week's end there was no peace for the Jets, who lost 28-24 to the Giants with no Joe.

Meanwhile, in Milwaukee a small boy was asking Frank Robinson for his autograph, and Robinson told him to get a nearby mountain of a fellow in a gesture to sign, too. "Why? What does he do?" said the boy. "He used to play pro football," was the somewhat inadequate explanation of *Rosy Grier's* past. The boy asked Grier to sign up and added, "Would you please write 'football' above your name so I'll remember who you are?"

What if somebody gets that boy to ask Namath the same question he asked Grier?

Larry Winn Jr., a candidate for Congress in Kansas, asked five noted Republican members of the House to help him raise campaign funds by having local Republicans pay to play a round of golf with them. When the group couldn't make it Winn decided that one ace might beat five of a kind anyway and hired U.S. Open Champion Tony Jacklin as his feature attraction. Winn charged \$125 for the privilege of lunch, one hole of golf and cocktails with Jacklin. Fourteen foursomes, or \$7,000 worth, teed off simultaneously, and Jacklin roared around the course in a cart, playing one hole with each group and hitting a tee shot on the next hole for the four-

some's high man. Fifty more people paid \$25 apiece simply to watch the performance, eat and drink with Jacklin and see the presentation of such awards as *Spino Apene* watches and a *Jack Nicklaus* putter to the winners. Obviously a whole new fund-raising technique has opened up for politicians. How about \$100 for free throws with Wilt or \$1,000 to play the net for Pancho?

Chicago's placekicking specialist and free agent with a guitar, *Mac Percival*, is pleasing his teammates with his own version of Johnny Cash's *Son of a Gun*. The Bears, it seems, are not having a lot of fun in their Remmelaer, Ind. training camp this summer. As Percival sings it:

"You've hosted me since '63,
I've seen players come and go,
And I've seen 'em die, and long ago
I stopped asking why.
Remmelaer, I hate every inch of you.
You've bruised me and you've scarred me
through and through."

Well, that sounds about right for a team that finished 1-13 last year.

★ The man meets That Girl! Wowee! Or sort of wowee, since in fact Stan (The Man) Musial has known *Marlo Thomas* for years, which is why he will turn up on her ABC network television show this season. The episode has already been filmed, and publicity types are hailing Musial's masterly portrayal of Stan Musial in a two-partner entitled *There Sure Are a Bunch of Cards in St. Louis*. "Calm, relaxed, gracious and at ease," they are saying of his performance. But Musial should have been at ease. The setting was his St. Louis restaurant (Stan & Biggie's), and the producers

had duplicated the decor of the place right down to the last T-bone on an old Paramount lot. The next question is, will the critics call Stan a hit?

Arthur Allyn, former owner of the White Sox, is a butterfly buff who once went all the way to Paris to buy part of a collection and has bid as much as \$12,000 for a single specimen. So he took it pretty hard when he discovered that a collection he recently acquired, which he says was supposed to contain 120,000 butterflies, actually comprised no more than 50,000 specimens, and some of these a little moth-eaten. Bugged at the notion that he might have paid twice too much, Allyn has sued to recoup \$16,000 of the \$32,000 the insects set him back.

Whatever some people may think, both *Abbie Hoffman* and *Muhammad Ali* are appealing—their respective court convictions that is—and Ali has asked the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals how come he's been refused permission to go to Canada while *Abbie Hoffman*, of the Chicago 7, has been given an O.K. to romp off to Cuba. Hoffman said in his request to

the court that he had research to do for an article for a Cuban magazine *Rebel Youth*. Not only was his request granted while Ali's was turned down, Hoffman's trip to Cuba will originate in, you guessed it, Canada.

Picking a horse is tough enough, but consider the problem of the Irish ratplayer. At the All Ireland Rat Race Championships held in County Cork the contenders were running in several heats under different names. The winner was a rat called, at that point, *Ibhalucio*—a fine figure of a rodent, to be sure, but the same rat had been eliminated earlier under the far more promising name of *Nijinsky*.

President Nixon, fond as always of the sporting reference, explained last week that it wasn't so bad that the Senate had overridden one of his vetoes. "You know in baseball if you bat .500, that's better than anybody's batting," since Ty Cobb. So we're doing better than Ty Cobb on vetoes. Fair enough, but some Washington Senator is sure to point out that .500 wouldn't be much of a won-lost mark (Or some historian, that Cobb's best year was .420.)



Last year, Nicky K., age three, drank a bottle of furniture polish. A telephone number saved his life.



The poisoning took place in Tyngham, Mass.

The number belonged to a poison control center 135 miles away.

But what if Nicky's parents didn't know it existed?

What if they had to waste precious minutes frantically searching through phone books before they could even attempt to reach it?

And what if they needed

something more than advice over the telephone—like a doctor or ambulance?

At Metropolitan Life, we are working to keep all those "what if's" from becoming "if only's."

In many communities, we're distributing emergency kits with lists of numbers that can make the difference between life and death.

It's part of a 44-year-long

effort on our part to show people how to avoid emergencies, and how to handle those that are unavoidable.

Because accidents will happen.

And when they do, what people don't know can hurt them.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

Jim Bouton's Instant Replay

Driving down the New Jersey Turnpike last Friday to face a semipro team he had never seen, Jim Bouton, the old Yankee and Houston Astro, suddenly interrupted himself to say: "I really shouldn't be talking, you know. I should be going over the hitters."

The irony was not that he knew nothing about the opponent but that he was pitching at all. For how many baseball players return to action 16 days after they have retired? Surely not a man who has written a bestseller and is totally involved in its aftermath—interviews, a sequel and, possibly, a movie or play.

In his last professional start in Oklahoma City, Bouton had lasted one-third of an inning. "But I did," he recalled, "face seven batters."

A right turn off Route 77 brought him past Kuhn's Jewelry Store ("I see Bowie has branched out," Bouton said). Soon he entered the parking lot at Alden Field, the well-kept site in southern New Jersey of the fourth annual Bridgeton Invitational Tournament, an affair that previously has attracted such former professionals as Bobby Shantz, Stan Lopatin and Grunty Hamner. Ernie Hutscher, business manager of the Trenton entry, Pat Pavers, had called

Bouton at his Wyckoff, N.J. home. Bouton was declared eligible after a check with Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office to determine that he was really retired.

The news of Bouton's acceptance was widely reported locally. As he left his station wagon a man in an American Legion hat greeted him with the words he is bound to grow sick of through the decade of semipro ball he claims he is going to play: "Where's Ball Four?"

Bouton ignored the question. He was preparing to pitch his first complete game since a six-hit, 7-2 win over the Chicago Cubs on May 4. Against the Washington, D.C. Black Sox—a team he described as "good Double A"—Bouton absorbed 13 hits, including a 370-foot homer, but his team eliminated the defending champs 7-5. Bouton struck out 10, walked two and finished with three shutout innings. "It was a combination," he said, "of finding my rhythm and getting tired." The pitch that initially saved him from the minors—the knuckleball—lasted just four innings. His enthusiastic, sure-handed catcher, Bob DeMeo, felt it was working but Bouton said, "Every third one was a double." "Outta sight," said DeMeo, who added that Bouton's most effective pitch was "the deuce" (curve). Bouton stayed with curves, fastballs and change-ups in the late innings with mixed results. A shoestring catch ended the game and spared him the two things he most feared: "letting these guys down and embarrassing myself."

The game was played under speedup rules. Pitchers were limited to 20 seconds between throws, batters had 10 seconds to get into the box; arguments could last no longer than 40 seconds, teams had 90 seconds in which to change sides. Once Bouton took too long between pitches. When a buzzer rang (penalty: one ball) he was startled. "I started to salivate," he said.

In the dugout during the game Bouton's new teammates bounced one-liners from his book *Ball Four* off him. "Smoke him inside, Jim." "Good

hands." The give-and-take continued afterward as Bouton signed autographs in a ticket booth. "See any beaver tonight?" one man asked. "No. I was concentrating too hard on my pitching—honestly." An opposing player boasted, "I got the first hit off you." Bouton smiled. "Yeah, I know. And the fourth and the ninth and the 12th."

A realist, Bouton feels his future is in sports commentary—flavored with irreverent social and political observations. He intends to campaign for U.S. Representative Allard Lowenstein of New York and, judging by his folk-hero reception in Bridgeton, will, at the very least, bring out the people.

"I really enjoyed myself," Bouton said on the way home. "All morning my wife Bobbie was saying how great it was that it didn't matter if we won or lost. Then, after I kissed her goodbye, she said, 'By the way, call me and let me know how you did.'"

It was Strike Three for a change, but barely.

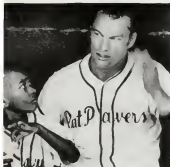
THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

AL EAST While BALTIMORE (page 16) continued its leisurely stroll toward the championship, the Detroit pitching staff finally was making noises like, well, Tigers. The 1968 world champions got one complete game from Mickey Lolich and another from Les Cain, who went the distance twice in a row after failing 14 straight times. But the big news-maker was none other than Denny McLain. He won, finally pitching a complete game in his 13th start. Earlier, he was ejected for the first time ever over an incident precipitated by—of all things—organ music.

Pitching against the Athletics in Oakland, the combative right-hander became irritated, then balked after organizer Lloyd Fox rolled the organ while McLain was taking his signals from Catcher Bill Freehan. Complaining bitterly, McLain was shown to an early shower, but in a review afterward, music critic and Umpire Neuse Chylak panned Fox. Said Chylak: "That organist [Fox, presumably] should have his fingers broken. If he'd come down here I'd break 'em for him."

NEW YORK lost four of seven starts to hold fast in second place. One bright spot was the pitching—and batting—of Mel Stottlemyre. In beating Minnesota 4-3 for his 12th win, he knuckled in the lead run with



BATBOY EYES THE NEWEST PAT PAVES

a two-run triple. The Yankees' other hitters have not done as well lately, so the club announced that Mickey Whatchisname will regain the batting coach.

The fence at Municipal Stadium was moved in this season in hopes of increasing the Indians' modest home-run total—and it has done exactly that, modestly. Of 137 homers hit by CLEVELAND, 94 have been at home—including four each in consecutive wins over Oakland last week. While Reggie Smith of workers extended his hitting streak to 15 games, big Frank Howard of wasters was complaining, "I haven't had any hot streaks yet." Then he hit two homers to beat the Twins 5-4.

BALT 80-45 NY 66-58 DET 66-57
BOS 63-60 CLEV 61-64 WASH 60-65

AL WEST

A couple of unlikely hitters helped the Minnesota Twins end their recent slump and snatch their hold on first place. First, Jim Holt, whose average is hanging up there around .250, hit a two-run single in the ninth to beat the Yankees 8-7. Three nights later Tom Troschinski (.182) hit his first major-league home run to defeat Washington 4-3. "I was so surprised and shocked," said Tros-

chinski. "I didn't know whether to run or walk, go forward or backward."

Pitchers Chuck Dobson and Catfish Hunter each had his problem for Oakland. After allowing only one home run in 43 innings, Dobson gave up three in a row during the A's 6-5 loss to Cleveland. Hunter was wondering what a guy has to do to win in August. Last season he was 0-7 for the month, this year he has lost three straight.

The old singing cowboy, Gene Autry, opened his mouth last week, and out came a surprising note. Said Autry, the chairman of the ex-horrible Angels, "I'd like to see Jim Fregosi become our playing manager." This did not set too well with the Angels' current nonplaying manager, Lefty Phillips. Asked about Autry's remarks, Phillips snapped, "Everyone has a boss. I have mine."

KANSAS CITY rehired Manager Bob Lemon and also had a message for his players that sounded suspiciously like a threat. "The future of every player will be affected by his performance in the remaining games." While MINNEAPOLIS General Manager Marvin Milkes was figuring out ways to boost the Brewers' home attendance over a million, his team went 0-for-six and Picher Skip Lockwood watched his record drop to

4-10. Said the undaunted Lockwood, "I'm learning something every time I pitch." The most improbable turn of events of the week came in Boston when previously hapless Cincinnati scored 11 runs in the top of the ninth (tying a league record) to beat the Red Sox 13-5 and end a six-game losing streak.

MINN 73-50 CAL 58-58 OAK 58-58
KC 46-77 MIL 46-60 CHC 46-63

NL EAST

SPRINGFIELD failed to get out of the cellar, but it was still a good week. The Expos won for the first time ever in Cincinnati. The victory, their 52nd, tied their total for all of last year. On Friday, in the opening game of a home series against Atlanta, Carl Morton beat the Braves 6-4 for his 15th win, putting him ahead of Cincinnati's Wayne Simpson as the league's winningest rookie. And on Saturday night the Expos not only beat the Braves 4-1 to match their longest winning streak in 1970, they also drew a near-capacity crowd of 27,017 to go over the million mark in home attendance.

League-leading pitcher Nottoli split six starts last week but did have Bob Robertson to solace Pirate spirits. He now has 19 homers in 294 at bats. At that rate, he could hit

Continued



'My Whiskey'



Two words that describe the personal pride people have for the most likeable brand of whiskey in the world.

Say Seagram's and be Sure.

Seagram Distributors Company, New York City. Blended Whiskey, 80 Proof. 60 Gram Seagram's 70.

35 to 40 homers a season. "I think I'd help more if I played more," Robertson said.

The NEW YORK Mets stayed in second, although there were games in which they fumbled and bumbled in the best Marvelous Marv tradition. Even Shortstop Bud Harrelson got caught up in the general ineptness, making two errors in one game after tying a league record with 54 straight errorless games.

CHICAGO bombed San Diego 12-2 and San Francisco 15-0 but lost ground in a mediocre week. Bob Gibson of ST. LOUIS complained of lack of sleep, then almost pitched a no-hitter while beating San Diego 7-0. Gibson has won six in a row and 16 of his last 18, which is almost as impressive as his .326 batting average and 17 RBIs.

PIT 70-87 NY 66-88 CHI 83-82
ST. L 80-66 PHIL 57-69 MONT 58-70

NL WEST Instead of The Big Red Machine, CINCINNATI played more like The Big Red Edsel, as one sign in New York's Shea Stadium had it, but Catcher Johnny Bench stayed at high gear. His two-run double in the top of the ninth beat the Mets 3-2 on Saturday, and the next day, in a 5-4 loss, he hit his 42nd home run of the year to break the all-time record for home runs by a catcher in one season (set by Roy Campanella in 1953). LOS ANGELES was still a safe 11½ games behind. The Dodgers won nine of 12 during one stretch, and their .774 team batting average is only a point behind Cincinnati's.

RICO CARTY of ATLANTA is apparently in his team's doghouse. He first upset Braves officials by failing to show up for an exhibition in Columbus, Ga. Then he and Pitcher Ron Reed got into a fight when Carty apparently removed two Little League bats from Reed's locker.

After finally moving up to .500 as the standings during a road trip, SAN FRANCISCO returned to Candlestick Park and 7,086 fans and knocked off the Cubs 5-1. Earlier, Juan Marichal (8-9) topped Pittsburgh 7-4. Although he gave up 13 hits and struck out only three, Marichal called the game his best performance of the season. "I wish next year was now," he said. So, probably, does HOUSTON'S Don Wilson. The winner of 16 games last season, Wilson beat the Phillies 9-1 for only his sixth triumph. Said Wilson: "There's got to be something to that talk of a livelier ball. Then there's the smaller strike zone and most important the lowering of the mound." Ed Spiezio returned to the SAN DIEGO starting lineup and promptly went wild: a three-run homer to top the Pirates, a grand slam to help beat the Cubs and his team's only two hits in a game against the Cardinals' Gibson.

CINN 94-48 LA 78-34 SF 83-82
ATL 82-83 HOU 68-76 SD 48-78

Lots of people can sell you slacks that look good when you first put them on. But Sears knows it can be just as important to look well tailored by nine at night, as it was at nine in the morning.

That's why we took a whole new look at slacks. And that's why after we looked, we took a variety of wondrous man-made fibers (Trevira® polyester and Aviri® rayon) and had them blended together.

It's an exclusive new blend

We ended up with some handsome new slacks made from our new blend. But that wasn't good enough. Because it didn't solve the problem of what happens to the slacks when something happens to the man inside.

We figured when man bends and stretches, so should his

slacks. So we added Lycra® spandex to the blend. And that did it. Now our slacks stretch just enough to keep from fighting you when you bend.

Better looking. Much more comfortable. And they have a Ban-Flo® waistband that does away with roll-over.

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That's another exclusive reason Give-n'-Take Slacks from Sears keep their good looks. They resist wrinkling when you've got them on. And when you take them off, they can be machine washed and tumble dried, and they look like they're fresh from the presser—without being pressed.

You'll love our Give-n'-Take Slacks in December as you did in May, because the

Sears introduces Give-n'-Take Slacks.

When you
bend & stretch,
they
bend & stretch.

exclusive blend is blended for year-around wear. Which makes them 'round-the-clock, 'round-the-year slacks. And you can't do much better than that.

Everybody can wear Give-n'-Take Slacks

You can get them in ivy stripes and solids in three fit styles: Trim n' Tight, Trim Regular and Full Cut.

Pick out a couple of pair of new Give-n'-Take Slacks from Sears. They'll give a lot for you. But, since they're always a great value at Sears low prices, you won't have to do the same for them. Available at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the Catalog



Ask for a free copy of the "Men of Fashion" booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you

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**This Atlas fiberglass belted tire keeps on rolling along—
for thousands more miles than even our best selling tire.**

If you want to keep on rolling get the new Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2*. This new kind of tire was subjected to one of the industry's toughest road testing programs. Result: The Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 delivered an average of 35%† more miles than even the famous Atlas Plycron—traditionally, the tire that has outperformed 4-ply major brand replacement tires in mileage tests.

New construction puts the Atlas 2 plus 2 ahead. Two fiberglass belts are bonded onto a tough Vicron polyester cord body.

And for traction, the unique wide tread design literally puts hundreds of gripping edges on the road at all times.

These features add up to less tread squirm, extra mileage.

For good value you can't beat the 4-

ply Atlas Plycron. And for even greater value, get a set of Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 tires. You'll never get tired of the money you save with every extra mile.

And remember, Atlas batteries and accessories as well as tires are sold at over 50,000 leading service stations.

*Average of all tests run simultaneously by independent test fleet during test 12 months.



The Aces get trumped

There was one interesting question to be considered in Boston last week in the Spingold Knockout Team Championship: How good are the world champion Dallas Aces? True, the Aces had won the world title at Stockholm in June easily, but the competition, said detractors, was lackluster. Were the Aces really worthy champions? Well, the Aces did not win the Spingold, but by getting to the finals after beating some of the top bridge teams in the country, they demonstrated again that they are certainly among the best in the world.

Strangely enough, the finals of the Spingold turned out to be almost a replay of Stockholm, for once again the Aces found themselves up against the Chinese system—that is, the Precision Club created by C. C. Wei, an oil tanker magnate whose ideas and training methods brought lightly held Chinese teams to the world championship runner-up spot the last two years. This time, though, the Precision Club was wielded with surprising effectiveness by a young American team made up of Steve Altman, Joel Stuart and Peter Weichsel of New York City, Tom Smith of Greenwich, Conn. and Dave Strasberg of Rockville Centre, N.Y., which defeated the Aces by 59 international match points.

In the finals the Precision Club had

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH ♠ K Q J 9 6 5 ♥ Q 10 ♦ 10 5 ♣ 9 5 4			
WEST ♠ 7 6 2 ♥ K N 6 ♦ Q 7 4 ♣ A 10 7 3			
SOUTH ♠ 10 8 ♥ A 9 5 3 ♦ A K J ♣ Q J 8 6			
EAST ♠ A 3 ♥ J 7 4 2 ♦ 9 8 6 3 2 ♣ K 2			
SOUTH (Jacoby) 1♥ PASS 2 N.T. PASS 3 N.T. PASS			
WEST (Weichsel) PASS PASS PASS			
NORTH (Smith) 1♠ PASS 2♣ PASS 3 N.T. PASS			
EAST (Strasberg) PASS PASS PASS			

Opening lead: 3 of clubs

to beat off the Orange Club, an adaptation of various Italian systems that is used by Jim Jacoby and Bobby Wolff. The Wei bidding method is a more natural system by standard American concepts—once you pass the foundation stone of an artificial one-club opening on a minimum of 16 high-card points and a one-diamond response with fewer than eight. But on this key hand both systems led to an unmakeable three-no-trump contract, and it was left to the individual brilliance of Peter Weichsel, who played impressively throughout, to provide the big difference in the result.

In the other room the same contract was reached by the Precision team after South opened with a weak one no trump (13 to 15 points), and declarer went down one rather gracefully following a club opening lead and a diamond shift.

But when Weichsel held the West hand things went somewhat differently. He too led a club, but when Smith won the king and returned a club, the queen losing to Weichsel's ace, the defense was in a precarious position. Weichsel recognized the danger of leaving the queen of hearts as a potential entry to the spade suit, and made a fine shift to a low heart, even though this meant violation of the bridge commandment "never lead away from a king." Without the heart shift, Jacoby would have had time to knock out the ace of spades and later get to dummy with the heart queen to make his contract. All the defenders would get would be a heart, a spade and two clubs.

After the heart shift, however, Jacoby had no chance. As it turned out, he would have fared a bit better if he had guessed to put up dummy's queen, but instead he played dummy's 10 and East's jack forced the ace. Jacoby then led the spade 10 and overtook with dummy's jack, hoping to induce East to win the trick, but allowing for the chance to take the diamond finesse if East ducked, which he did. But the diamond finesse lost and Weichsel got out with a spade to East's ace. East returned a diamond and South led a low heart. Weichsel took his king and got out with a diamond. Declarer cashed his heart 9 and led his last heart, hoping to end play West in clubs. But East won the trick with the 7 and cashed two good diamonds to set the contract four tricks for a net gain of 300 points. This was worth seven IMPs as compared to a possible loss of 12 if Weichsel had not shifted to hearts. **END**

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Oh, Prez, where is thy ring?

Martha Wilkinson won the Women's Amateur over Cynthia Hill, but for all the good it did her she might as well have lived in Johnson City

Where was the President last week when Martha Wilkinson really needed him? Mr. Nixon, the sports fan, welcomed Ted Williams and Vince Lombardi to Washington, phoned Orville Moody after he won the 1969 U.S. Open, played host for a cocktail party for baseball's All-Star teams, called Gil Hodges when the Mets won the World Series, personally crowned the University of Texas No. 1 in college football and also phoned congratulations to Hank Stram after the Kansas City Chiefs beat Minnesota in the Super Bowl.

But where was he when Miss Wilkinson—who lives and plays golf within a few miles of the President's alma mater, Whittier College—was winning the U.S. Women's Amateur golf championship at the Wee Burn Country Club in Danvers, Conn.? Martha is still waiting for the phone call.

Actually, Miss Wilkinson, 21, lives in Anaheim, Calif. and works in nearby Fullerton, but most people think she is from Whittier because she plays golf at the California Country Club there. "Everywhere Martha and I go," said Jane Bastanchury—Martha's best friend, who really is a resident of Whittier—"people come up to us and ask if we know the President personally." They answer no.

Despite the silent telephones at Wee Burn last Saturday after Martha rallied for a 3-and-2 victory over Cynthia Hill of St. Petersburg, Fla. in the 36-hole final, Jane Bastanchury does not think the President will completely overlook Martha's triumph. "Mr. Nixon sent me a very nice letter and a personalized golf ball a few weeks ago after I won the Women's Western," Jane said. "I'm certain that he'll send Martha a letter and a golf ball, too."

Presidents aside, Miss Wilkinson was an overpowering player in the Amateur right from the start. She was medalist in the 36-hole qualifying test, with a two-

over-par 150, and then in 100 holes of match-play competition she never made anything worse than a 5 on her scorecard. Cracking off respectable 220-yard drives and incredibly accurate short irons, she resisted the opportunity to blow up once or twice and generally showed impeccable poise.

Her toughest match and closest call came in the first round against 17-year-old Nancy Hager of Dallas, probably the most eye-pleasing girl in the field. Nancy led 1 up after 16 holes, but Martha evened the match at 17 and won it with a birdie four on the long, uphill 18th. In the second round she squandered an early 3-up lead and had to win the 16th and 17th holes to eliminate Mrs. Pattie Boice. Martha beat Mrs. Dorothy Germain Porier, the 1949 amateur champion, in the third round, rallying from a disastrous three-down predicament after five holes. Then, in the semifinals, she shut out Shelley Hamlin, last year's losing finalist, 5 and 4, playing the required holes in two under par, her best string of holes all week.

By contrast, her competitor in the finals, Mrs. Hill, lived dangerously most of the week. She had to eagle the first hole of a sudden-death playoff just to qualify. Then she was pressed to an extra hole to win her first-round match against Mrs. Marcia Dolan. In the second round she caught fire briefly, and was two under par while routing Mary McKenna of Ireland, 6 and 5. Then she faltered again in the quarter-finals, falling 3 down to Mrs. Richard J. Canney in the first three holes before shooting three birdies in five holes and taking a 1-up lead after nine. After all that she finally won the match by birdieing the 19th.

Her semifinal bout with Jane Bastanchury was, well, chaos. Two up after nine holes, Cindy suddenly lost four straight holes and was 2 down. Just as abruptly, she birdied the 14th and 15th



HER AMATEUR VICTORY RANG NO BELLS

holes to even the match, then won the 16th to go 1 up. At 18 she made a difficult 12-foot putt for another birdie—her third in five holes—and gained the finals 2 up.

The championship match was hardly one of those gram-lipped, no-love-lost affairs that most men's contests turn out to be. Indeed, Martha, Cindy and Miss Bastanchury are all good friends. For the last two months they have been tournament-hopping around the country in a two-car caravan in which the order of formation is dictated by statutory imperatives. "Jane and I drive in the lead car," Martha explained, "because the speedometer in Cindy's car broke and she never knows how fast she's going." Before hitting upon this arrangement Cindy had brushed against the speed laws. "I was on my way to Tulsa," she said, "and when I looked at my speedometer it read 64 mph, so I pulled out and passed this policeman. A minute later he hit his siren and waved me to

the side of the road. "Young lady," he said, "I couldn't believe you'd pass me. You were going 80." Cindy put her best face forward and got off with a stern warning.

Martha, Cindy and Jane usually stay in the same motels and frequently dine together. Two weeks ago, during the Curtis Cup matches in Newton, Mass., they ran into some old-fashioned New England *churpa*. Miss Bastanchury was saying goodnight to Cindy and Martha, who were sharing a motel room, and when she opened the door to leave, the man from across the hall happened to be looking straight into their room. And, as Martha expressed it, "we weren't all dressed." Five minutes after Miss Bastanchury left, the girls' phone rang. It was the guy from across the hall, wondering if he might speak to the blonde in Room 314.

When they arrived in Darien four days before the Amateur, they decided to spend a day sightseeing in New York, doing the tourist bit on their first trip to the Big City. "We took a sightseeing bus around Manhattan, but the bus broke down and we had to push it to get it started."

Jane drove Martha and Cindy to the course for their 36-hole championship match, and then the girls had breakfast together. Cindy—wearing her Budweiser flip-a hat, smoking cigarettes, chewing gum—birdied the 17th and 18th holes of the morning round to take a 1-up lead to lunch. But after an hour-and-a-half recess Martha surped back and won the first three holes to take a 2-up lead as Cindy experienced some trouble with her driver—hitting into a trap on No. 1, pulling too far left on No. 2 and hooking out-of-bounds on No. 3. Cindy won the fourth with a birdie two, however, and she seemed ready to even the match at the fifth.

Instead she made a poor approach, and Martha dropped a tricky putt for her par. That turned the match, as Martha then won the 7th hole to go 3 up and later birdied the 10th to take a 4-up lead. Martha closed out the championship at the 16th when Cindy, whose nickname is Ducky, hit an approach shot into the water. "Any time I'm near the water," Cindy said, "I hit the ball into it. That's what a duck is supposed to do, isn't it?"

Right. And a President is supposed to call a champion. **END**



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A victory for the family of Mann

They descended out of the boxes at Arlington Park racetrack, an excited and talkative little throng of folks, all flushed. They pressed through the fans at the rail in noisy yet rather efficient fashion—not unlike schoolchildren in a fire drill—to crowd inside the winner's circle. They were visibly proud and pretty puffed up, yet a little stiff and bashful, too, unaccustomed as some of them were to glory. But they kept arriving in the winner's circle until it was more or less overflowing with them—perhaps two dozen in all, cousins and in-laws and children and grandchildren and old school chums and a family doctor and certain other shirttail relations. This was the family of Mann—John L. Mann of Dallas—here assembled to pose radiantly for pictures, to receive congratulations and certain other more material rewards for the remarkable performance of their one-horse racing stable. "We may have only one," said

John Mann, "but isn't he just the one!" Indeed he was, for last week the Mann family's pride—a strong and handsome 2-year-old bay named *Staunch Avenger*, who was bought at a budget price—went to the starting gate for the fourth time in his life and came home a winner for the fourth time.

The occasion was the 15th running of the \$53,400 Arch Ward stakes at gaudy old Arlington outside Chicago, where *Staunch Avenger* has been the talk of the track this season. In his first start there eight weeks ago the colt won by a widening 12 lengths, breaking the track record. After his second start, which he won by four lengths, the Mann family's trainer, a laconic little Texan with the nicely distilled name of Gin Collins, decided the colt was ready for the \$135,000 Sapling Stakes at Monmouth Park in New Jersey. *Staunch Avenger* won that by four lengths, pulling away from a clasy field of 13, which included six young stakes winners. The Manns quite obviously owned one of the best 2-year-olds in the country.

Thus in the Arch Ward their colt was the resounding favorite, going off at 3 to 10. The field was considered quite hopelessly mediocre compared to the lot *Staunch Avenger* had conquered in the Sapling. Nevertheless, it required a fine ride by jockey Dave Whited and an impressive display of homestretch heart for *Staunch Avenger* to win—by a photo-finish neck—over *Hook It Up*, a good horse who had already won two stakes himself this year. With the win *Staunch Avenger* added \$30,900 to his earlier

earnings, giving him a rather staggering accumulation of \$117,647 in winnings over those scant four starts.

The colt's sudden success has startled the Manns. "We thought this kind of thing might happen to other people," says Annette Mann, 47, mother of four, grandmother of five and the owner of record of *Staunch Avenger*. "But my wildest dreams never contained such a horse as *Staunch* has come to be." Indeed, as John Mann, son of a Texas cotton farmer and now head of an aircraft-parts company in Dallas, puts it: "You know it's a real ranty when little people like us get themselves a good horse, because mostly this sport's controlled by big money. We liked cheap horses, and we never thought to rise above that mark."

The Manns approached the sport of kings with quite genuine common desires. Eight years ago they journeyed from Dallas to Hot Springs, Ark. to watch their first horse race. "We found it highly entertaining," says Mr. Mann. "But we also felt it would be even more fun to see if we had a horse of our own to cheer, so a year later we went down to Frisco, Texas, where some friends had horses and we bought our first, *Trinity River*, for \$2,500." Since then the Manns have dabbled in horse racing in an almost wholly recreational way. Until now they have never owned a horse that could return much better than \$1,000 purses, and sometimes they found themselves so awash in family affection for their animals that more than once John Mann quietly put up money to keep his horses from being claimed because a distraught daughter did not want one of her beloved "pets" sold to strangers.

The joy of thoroughbred ownership was at least emotionally (if not financially) fulfilling, and the Manns continued to buy and sell a few horses here and there. In the fall of 1969 they gave Gin Collins a "blank check" (not really—for they did not wish to exceed \$15,000) to go to the Keeneland, Ky. sales to buy a yearling. Now Gin Collins' reputation as a trainer perhaps does not rank with men like Allen Jerkens or Elliott Burch, but he has had a number of good horses in his keep, including *Battleground* and *Swift Ruler*. In quest of one for the Manns he hoped to buy something with *Bold Ruler* bloodlines, and thus when a colt came up for sale whose sire was *Staunchness*, a son of *Bold Ruler*,



AFTER WIN, THE FAMILY NEARLY CROWDS STAUNCH AVENGER OUT OF THE PICTURE

Gin Collins put in his bid. Now, as fate would have it, this horse was fresh from pasture, and he was a bit raggedy looking and lean compared with the other sleek and well-fattered horses brought to auction. "Since he wasn't fattened up," said Collins, "he didn't seem to appeal to other buyers so much." He cost only \$7,700.

The Manns are not superstitious people. (The only ritual any of them follows for luck before each of Stauneh Avenger's races is that son John, 25, always wears a pair of gold undershorts.) Yet they do find themselves hard put to ignore at least the hint of predestined fortune in their relationship with Stauneh Avenger. "You see, he's got this pinkish marking on his nose," says John Mann, and there is a small tremor of wonder in his voice. "And if you look at it upside down it's shaped an awful lot like the state of Texas. Well, we're from Texas, and so is Gin and so is Dave Whited, our jockey. I don't know if that means we have a lot going for us or not, but I'd take

it as favorable rather than unfavorable, wouldn't you?"

Perhaps the colt is marked for greatness. Time will tell. "He's the fastest I've ever ridden," said Whited, "and I've been on some fast horses. Yet he's not speed crazy—he doesn't mind laying off the pace. And you never saw a horse so easygoing—he's like a big old cow when he's not running. He drags his feet around and lolls along. He wears out his shoes three times as fast as your average horse. He's got the personality to be one of the best, because he's not washy and he's not wild."

Gin Collins, a patient and profoundly cautious man, has been extremely conservative in bringing Stauneh Avenger along. Instead of entering him in early Arkansas races last spring, he waited until summer for the debut.

Collins is noncommittal about Stauneh Avenger's future—both near and far-off. There is talk about bringing him to the East again for the futures at Belmont and Pimlico this fall. And, of course, there is some talk, ear-

ly though it is, about Stauneh Avenger as a 3-year-old competing in the Triple Crown races. "You just cannot own a horse like this without thinking about the Kentucky Derby," says Mrs. Mann. "I mean, that is what it's all meant to be for, isn't it?"

If Stauneh Avenger continues to maintain a pace even close to his sensational beginning, it would be impossible to imagine the 1971 Derby without his presence. Yet Gin Collins says, "I don't happen to believe the Kentucky Derby is necessarily the most important race in the world. It might be too long a race too early in the year. It might take too much out of the horse to get ready for it. I just don't know for sure that we'd love to enter the Derby."

Nevertheless, after seeing that large and handsome tribe of Manns gathered in triumph around Stauneh last week, it would seem far too dark a human tragedy to deny them at least the chance to pose for still another mass family portrait, among the roses at Churchill Downs.

END

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My case history is, I think, typical enough. I am now 45 years old. By the time I had reached 32, however, I was well on my way to cardiovascular bankruptcy. The seat of my pants was the only working physical resource I had left. When it wasn't parked in an office chair, it was ensconced in a car on its way to somebody's living-room sofa for a parish call. I needed eight cylinders and a ton and a half of metal to fetch one pound of junk mail from a post office two blocks away. The idea of walking simply never occurred to me. I had put away childish things.

Unfortunately, the price of such maturity is high. Since I never, except for a brief college flirtation with four-wall handball, had the least interest in participant sports, I had reached the prime of life with about as much muscle tone as an overcooked lasagna. Item, One Holy Week—it was back in the old days when there was more bowing and scraping than there is now—I had to kneel 12 times in a row during the ceremony of the Washing of the Feet. *continued*

Steps in the Right Direction

by Robert F. Capon

A search for ways to refresh body and spirit leads the author, an Episcopal minister, gourmet and detester of jogging, to find fitness in firewood, and balm in a new sport—the walk/run

By the time I got to foot No. 10, I was dizzy, weak-kneed and ready to argue that having 12 apostles was an instance of divine cruelty. Item. Cutting across someone's backyard I had to step up a stone ledge about 30 inches high. I made it only after two tries, and my legs trembled all the way to the house. Item. I would wait on one leg for the downstairs john to be empty rather than negotiate the staircase to the free one on the second floor. I had, in short, forgotten what it was like to have a body that was not a burden. Brother Ass, instead of carrying me, had to be lugged everywhere at the price of a pounding heart and perspiring brow.

Things are better since then. By and by I shall mention a few of the blind alleys I went up in the name of exercise, but my first word has got to be one of satisfaction at the recovery of some measure of body sense. At what it's like, for instance, to clear a puddle six feet wide, with room to spare. At being able to feel cool on a hot windless day by running downhill. At the pleasure of being out in a 10-knot breeze and being able to turn it off by running with it—and to double its force by running against it. At remembering how we really catch our breath by exhaling hard, not by trying to inhale, and at being able to do it after an uphill run without stopping the run at the top of the hill. (It's not all effortless, of course. As time goes on, one's wind comes back considerably faster than one's legs. But it's nice to know that old flesh and bones, even if only in halfway decent shape, can be a stimulating pleasure instead of a pain.)

By now, no doubt, you have concluded that I am a jogger. In a minor and technical sense, I suppose, I shall have to concede the point. But in all the major senses I deny it. I run every day, and yet I find jogging, as normally conceived, a detestable pastime. As much as I can I dissociate myself from it utterly. To begin with, by a stroke of good luck, I took up running about six months before the current jogging fad began to be publicized. I have an instant and adverse reaction to doing anything, however praiseworthy, once it has been proclaimed as being *In*. This kind of nick-of-time luck has been with me for years. I dug my wine cellar about a year before *TIME* magazine wrote its article on the 1953 vintage and kicked off the long chain of events that has since blessed us with better wines and cursed us with wine snobs and high prices. I also grew a beard just a few months before face hair began sprouting again everywhere. In my own mind, therefore, I am not now nor have I ever been a wine buff, a beard buff or a jogger. I simply drink wine, grow hair and run now and then.

In the second place, I find jogging a delusion and a bore. It is a delusion because most men take it up in the hope it will work off an encroaching potbelly. Unfor-

tunately, however, even if spot reducing were possible, which it isn't, the number of calories consumed by one hour's running is only 900. Five minutes' worth of banana split checks in at 1,100. Case closed. It's intake that has to be curbed if you want to lose weight. Exercise will make you feel better, but it can't get ahead of the fat man's diet we all live on.

That jogging is a bore is just as easily proved. As commonly practiced, jogging is done in order to achieve something other than itself—like weight loss or muscle tone. Considered in itself, it is about as interesting as navel-watching. It will keep you amused for a day or a week and then turn into a supremely dull chore. Even taking out the garbage has greater entertainment value. Human activities capable of exciting the mind, refreshing the soul and clearing away the slums of boredom in which we live have to be worth something in themselves. Golf is. Softball is. Skiing is. So are swimming, handball, cooking, wine bibbing and sex. But plodding 10 laps around a cinder track in a silly suit is not. (And anyone who does the equivalent 20 laps around an indoor track is simply asking to have himself certified and committed.)

By my principles exercise makes sense only if it is the byproduct of some more weighty and more human activity. As a matter of fact, it won't be kept up long enough to be of any use unless it is. I went through a fair number of idiot exercise gambits before I came up with my present satisfactory routine. I did sit-ups, running in place and a couple of other approximations to solitary confinement, and then I settled on two activities that I found both refreshing and invigorating: wood splitting and walking-running. They illustrate my principle beautifully. Wood splitting first.

It provides me, obviously, with wood for my fireplace, but that is only the smallest corner of my satisfaction with it. It takes time to develop the coordination to use a 10-pound sledge, three steel wedges and a splitting ax efficiently. Especially the splitting ax. You go through a fair number of handles before you are able to connect smartly all the time, but even at that it's one of the cheapest forms of recreation and health insurance around—assuming, of course, you can get the logs to split. For less than a \$20 initial outlay and \$10 a year upkeep it will restore your heart, shoulders, arms, back and gut to decent muscular shape—all at the bargain-time rate of about 15 minutes a day.

As I said, though, there are other satisfactions. One of the great delights of life is to take a slice of a really big tree (say, 30 inches in diameter, cut to fireplace length) and work it down into a pile of cordwood. If it is oak or maple or one of the soft, straight-grained woods it splits like a dream. The halving of the piece has to be done with sledge and wedges, but after that the splitting ax does the

continued

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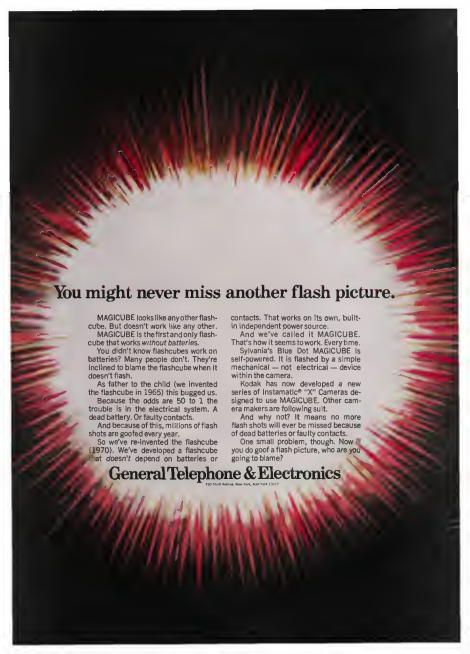
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tured fourth place.

The top Mustang finished in eighth place.

Meanwhile, Mark Donohue and the Javelin have become consistent winners in Trans-Am, winning three out of the last five races.

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whole job. Every shot produces a clean separation; first along the radii of the log, giving you long thin wedges, then across the wedges, down the grain made by the growth rings, giving you handsome, almost square fireplace pieces. The body gets its exercise, but the chief recipient of pleasure is the mind. The whole world has texture, shape and grain, and man was made to run the thumb of his intellect across it. Whether in beholding the fit of twin almonds in the shell or the startling whiteness of freshly split maple, he stands before creation in the image of God and catches a glimpse of what only God saw till then: the hidden, the unobserved, the mysterious deep-down things. Fifteen minutes a day of that are like pure, cold water on a parched tongue. Especially when you live, as we do, in a hell of fakery and superficiality.

On the other hand, if the logs you split are elm the whole vision changes. Put away the splitting ax; elm just laughs at it. It splits all right, but it doesn't come apart. One wedge is driven in all the way. The crack starts. A second is driven in next to it. The crack widens, but still no separation. You turn the log on its side and drive the third, praying it will force the opening enough to loosen one of the first two so you can keep going. An expert can get by with three wedges, but a duffer can easily lose all three in a log that still hasn't split in two. And even when an expert's split is complete he may need a hand ax to chop through the crossed sinews of elm that refuse to break their grip.

Elm is good for a lot of sweat—and it makes for a much slower-growing pile of cordwood—but, peculiarly, it, too, refreshes the mind. What you have here is not the sweet mystery of creation yielding easily to man as its lord but the sheer cussedness of things fighting you all the way. You have a glimpse of Earth not as man's mother and friend, but as a great luminox of a drinking partner always brawling and taunting, full of his own stubborn stupidities and ready any hour of the day or night for still another pointless round of Indian wrestling. In the age of the automatic elevator, the TV dinner and the right pill for any malaise—in this, our era of blissful trust that all will go well just because we told it to—how salutary to be reminded of the general boobishness of creation. How marvelous, for the expenditure of only 15 minutes, to recover the truth that things that come easy are, as often as not, fakes. How nice to be headed once again in the only human direction: uphill.

And that brings me back to walking-running. I live in a town of fairly steep hills—to do nothing but run would be to invite exhaustion. When my fellow townspeople catch me walking up a steep hill (my exercising is done on local streets and roads and my habits are known), they taunt me. "What's the matter?" they shout. "Given up run-

ning?" I thank them for their concern but inform them that while I am eccentric, I am not crazy. I have no intention of doing anything just to prove a point. Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds.

There's the point, you see. The refreshment and enlargement of the mind counts most; the body goes along for the exercise, but it sits in the back seat. That's why I call my daily recreation walking-running and not jogging. It is a time for the estimation of Earth again, for the breathing in of the four seasons. It is a time for liberation from the prisons of purposefulness in which we lock ourselves. Jogging is just another dungeon. The jogger has to do his mile or two without stopping. He keeps his eye on his watch. He bores you with the senseless information that this week he is down to an eight-minute mile while last week he could barely manage a nine.

The walker, on the other hand, is a free man. If while running he sees something he can appreciate only at walking speed, he walks. If while walking he finds something that can be savored only in place, he stops. If his copy of the *Times*, picked up midway in his progress, has a particularly good story, he finds himself a convenient rock, step or bench and sits down. He has, for the hour or so a day in which he is on the town—footloose is the exact word for it—broken out of the mold. He doesn't have to do anything but be alive and aware.

And when he talks to you he is no bore. He gives you news, not of arbitrary internal statistics but of reality itself—of the height of the snowdrifts, the depth of the thaw, the progress of spring and the warmth of the rain. He is a man who has read not his own opinions of himself, but the face of nature. He tells you of striped sunlight in the woods you shouldn't miss, of a stand of milkweed you must at all costs smell and of a German shepherd three blocks away that is to be avoided like the plague. He is, in short, often delightful, frequently useful and even at his worst, tolerable. Who could ask for more?

But it is not only in his services to his friends that the walker excels. If he is worth his salt he walks and runs in all weathers. The jogger is a man of limited vision. He begins by buying a sweat suit, and his career is nipped in the bud. He is good only for weather that is moderate and dry. If the temperature drops below zero he must either run as if the hounds of hell were after him or stay home. If it rains, he is licked utterly. The walker, on the other hand, does not own a sweat suit. As a man of sensitivity, the very inelegance of the name is enough to gail him. And as a man of maturity and substance he is glad to have parted company for good with every vestige of the smelly locker rooms of his youth. He walks or runs in whatever clothes he finds convenient, the variations of his dress adding spice to the world of his walking. He owns sneak-

continued

ers, of course, and wears them whenever possible because sneakers are one of the few trappings of youthful sportiveness delightful enough to escape from the curse of compulsory phys ed. But for cold and rain, he has clothes that make him a match for any weather. Sweaters, a stout, hooded coat, cotton work gloves and arctics for the depth of winter (all of which he can use at other times) and a head-to-toe rain suit to be his shield and buckler when the heavens are falling.

The jogger would not even consider going out in such airs because he cannot conceive of running with all that gear. But the walker, free man that he is, goes out and is thrice blessed. First, because he in fact gets more exercise for his time spent. (Run in arctics all the way through January and February—it gets you in the legs at first, but it does wonders.) Second, when he takes the arctics off and runs in sneakers again, he has a double pleasure: the ease of running with a lighter load and the little-boy delight of the feel of sneakers after a long winter of shoes. There is no true man on earth who can resist the temptation to jump under such circumstances.

The third blessing, however, is the greatest. The man who walks in the rain has the rarest liberty in the world. Only children share his freedom. Some adults are still capable of relishing the snow, though most only grumble and bear it. But once we are grown, there are few of us who ever love the rain again as we did when we were children. The walker in the rain suit is one of the elect. He can take all that Heaven can give plus some side shots from buses speeding through puddles and still be reasonably dry. Better yet, he can stamp through floods, walk uphill in a gutter that has become a torrent and, if he likes, build dams of snow or leaves and send the water all over the street. He can sail sticks, try to keep pace with bits of melting ice as they tumble downhill and make bets with himself as to whether they will last all the way to the bottom. In our sophistication we think we are too grown-up for such things. As someone

once said, "Adults are all right; it's grown-ups I can't stand." The man of full age never outgrows anything genuinely fascinating, not even snowballs or bubble gum. As an adult, he simply lifts them into higher and more elegant exchanges. He may use them less but he relishes them even more. We outgrow our shoes but not our loves. It is forgetfulness, not age, that robs us of our joys.

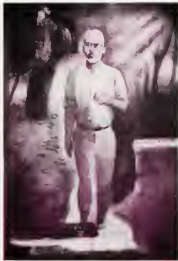
But that is enough argument. From there on, the walker proceeds through cloudbursts of delight, even in the blazing sun. He throws stones, skims rocks, gathers pinecones, nuts, cylinder-head bolts and sparkplugs. He picks mushrooms, eats privet leaves, chews upon the sweet shoots of long grass and, from May through October, comes home with wildflowers in his shirt pocket.

He walks with his dog, and they both jump a puddle together; he catches a glimpse of how the dog *knows* things, for he himself didn't *intellectualize* his adjustment of pace so he could make his spring from the edge of the puddle; he did it by body sense—with the light of reason turned off and only the brilliance of the sensitive intellect working. He climbs a hill and comes out of the shade into blinding sunlight on the road, and thus he catches a hint of how God sees all things as solid and transparent at once—

how the world really is *something* brought tremblingly but triumphantly out of *nothing*. He watches squirrels race, dogs fight, birds mate and boys roughhouse, and he sees the whole sporting world as an image of the processions of the Trinity, of the divine roughhouse by which Father, Son and Holy Ghost exchange omnipotent muscle and, in the midst of their eternal handspings, backflips and diving somersaults, toss off a creation that is one long shout of muscular delight.

Man loses the loveliness, of course. More often than not he uses his strength for cruelty, depredation and war. But for all that, sport still stands as witness that power was never meant to be more than a game. It is seriousness that has estranged us—we are always closer to home when we play.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY MATTHEW



The 4 big ideas behind Ducks Unlimited

(And what they mean to sportsmen like you)

Every year more and more American sportsmen are getting behind Ducks Unlimited. And the better they understand the big ideas behind it, the more enthusiastic their support.

Idea -1

There are two reasons why the supply of wild ducks in North America has been so unstable in the past 30 years:

1. Increased drainage of wetlands.
2. Droughts or floods cut down nesting.

Idea -2

80% of all the ducks on American flyways are hatched each year in Canada. So if we want more wild ducks in the United States, we've got to improve and control nesting conditions in Canada.

Idea -3

Since by law duck stamp monies cannot be used outside the USA, a non-profit organization of volunteer American sportsmen like Ducks Unlimited must raise the monies needed to get the job done.

Idea -4

Because Ducks Unlimited's conservation plans and program do work, it receives enthusiastic support from Canadian governments and Canadian sportsmen as well.

So there are the ideas behind Ducks Unlimited . . . why it came into being in the first place. Here's what DU has accomplished to date:

1. Ducks Unlimited has raised and invested over \$20 million to create, restore and control almost 2,000,000 acres of prime wetlands in Canada.



2. DU has built over 900 "duck factories"—all teeming with ducks. They include almost 9,000 miles of productive shoreline.

3. All the acreage has been provided to Ducks Unlimited at no cost by Canadian citizens and provincial and dominion governments.

Now DU has activated a new master plan that calls for turning an additional 4,500,000 acres into drought and flood proof duck factories in the next ten years.

To get the job done, thousands more American sportsmen must join Ducks Unlimited and give it the support it deserves. How about you?

Send your check for \$10 or more (it's deductible) to **DUCKS UNLIMITED**, Dept. T04, P.O. Box 66300, Chicago, Illinois 60666. Thank you. Thank you very much.



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YESTERDAY

The Real Fun of the Fair Was the Horse Pulling

Maybe the kids preferred the freak show, but what the county farmers
came to see were the teamsters' tugs-of-war by JIM HARRISON

Until the age of 14 I lived in what now seems the 19th century, in a small county seat of 1,500 people in Northern Michigan. My father was the government agricultural agent in the area, and it was his job to dispense advice to farmers in a hopelessly unfertile countryside of jack pine, scrub oak, cedar swamps and fields.

Part of my father's job was to run the annual county fair with Francis Godbold, the director of the 4-H (head, heart, health, hands) Club, and he loved his work. The fair was always held in late August on three invariably hot and dusty days. There were produce and crafts tents, where prize vegetables were stacked neatly. There were canning, needlework and sewing exhibits, and the inevitable judging of milk cows, beef cattle, calves, pigs, sheep and chickens.

In my youth I took less interest in these than in the small midway, where there were games of chance and a few rides, a Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, plus at least one implausibly frightening whirl-and-puke sort of machine. And a freak show, where one paid an extra dime to see a hermaphrodite—an experience, I might add, that didn't mar my young farm-bred psyche.

For the adults the most exciting spectacle at the fair was the heavyweight horse pulling contest. The small grandstand would fill early in the afternoon with farmers and their wives talking and shading their eyes with the mimeographed programs. Out in the infield and across the track from the grandstand a dozen teams or so would be standing, their owners since midmorning having gone through the involved process of unloading them from trucks and putting on the harness and "working them out" a bit. I was always out in the infield, too, but I watched the action with no great interest. Horses were sim-

ply as common as dogs or hogs to me.

At last the pulling teams would be marched out and people would clap for their favorites. The contest consisted of each team in turn attempting to pull a loaded stoneboat a certain number of feet. A man with a clipboard would mark its progress, weight would be added and contestants eliminated for what I thought was hours and hours until a champion would be proclaimed.

As I have said, none of this struck me as particularly entertaining when I was a boy. Yet now, like many of my generation who reached maturity during the lassitude of the Eisenhower era, I feel lost within the energetic radicalism of the young and so I have come back to horse pulling. I go to horse pulling contests, few as they are, whenever I get a chance. I stand in the infield, take my clumsy pictures and talk to the farmers. The teamsters' beasts look huge and magnificent to me now. In reverse of the usual childhood memory, they have become grander with time rather than diminishing.

For the insider, the sport of horse pulling has intricacies that remind one of fly-fishing or grouse hunting, subtle and arcane strategies and superstitions that would fail any vaguely scientific test. There are cruelties, too, that reflect badly on a very small minority of practitioners.

Of all the breeds of pulling horses, the Belgian, with origins that date back to William the Conqueror's war-horses, is the strongest and most popular in the heavyweight class. The Percheron is the most frequent breed in the "light-weights," the cutoff point being a combined weight per team of 3,200 pounds. But the largest team does not necessarily win. Conditioning is a vital factor, as are natural strength, daily workouts and how well the horses pull together as a

team. A well-trained lighter team often beats a stronger and heavier one. As with dogs, there is a great variation of size within each breed. At present there is an attempt being made to breed "more light" under Belgian pullers, to sacrifice a bit of their compactness for a rangier horse.

Pulling horses are nearly always geldings or mares for obvious reasons. One scarcely can tell a sexed-up bull elephant to calm down if there's a female in heat in the area, and an elephant's strength could not be much greater than that of these huge animals. It has been accurately estimated that a team of championship quality can pull the equivalent of a rolling load of 110 tons or a dead-weight stoneboat of around 10,000 pounds.

Nowadays a device called a "hydrometer" mounted on a truck is often used in major contests for absolute accuracy, but such a device would find little favor at the old county fairs. Much of the audience's pleasure lay in the visual drama

of the pig iron being gradually added in the stoneboat as the contest went on. Usually there were many arguments and much stalling. False passes were made at the hitch in a subtle tactic designed to allow the bottom of the boat to cool, thus reducing the friction of heat caused by the previous contestant.

Today, as yesterday, most teams are keyed to start pulling by the sound of the clank of the hitch when the hook drops in, rather than by the shout of the teamster. Two assistants carry the ends of the evens as the team swings up to the boat, the teamster seats himself holding the reins tightly; then with the clank or the shout their flanks lower, and the horses strain forward against the weight, tearing out clots of earth with their hooves. When the 27½-foot distance is reached, a whistle is blown. No well-trained audience ever claps until the distance is covered, as the horses associate applause with success and will stop short.

Horse pulling is still an extremely expensive sport, and the prize money so

pitifully small as to make it virtually amateur. Top prizes rarely go over \$250. A pulling team which will be in its prime for only about five years can cost anywhere from \$400 to \$20,000, and to this initial expense must be added the cost of hauling a team from contest to contest, the feeding of animals that eat four times as much as racehorses and the considerable price of the custom harness.

Like much that our parents believed in, horse pulling as a sport will, I suspect, disappear—probably in my own lifetime. Breeding the animals will no doubt continue, but the sport, I'm sure, will suffer a natural degeneration as organic to our time as the death of jousting was to the Middle Ages. Meanwhile, back at the fair, the audience grows older and sparser. Today the grandstand at a pulling contest, admission to which is free, looks like a retirement colony on holiday. Horse pulling cannot compete with DAN'S HELL ROARING DEVIL DRIVING CAR SMASHERS, the feature attraction of this year's fair. **END**

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MAD ABOUT JOE

Sirs:

Regarding your horror cover of Aug. 17, what was it?

1) A zombie recently escaped from some moldy crypt?

2) A new and even more horrible version of Wolfman?

3) A mindless creature dreamed up by the proverbial mad scientist?

4) The quarterback of the onetime football champions of the world and a supposed ideal for American youth?

Whichever choice you make, the band painted dance cap goes to the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the most hideous, pointless, disgusting, supremely tasteless cover picture in the history of your or any other sports magazine. What woefully sorry days we have fallen upon!

NEIL H. SHREVE

Fairmont, W. Va.

Sir:

A great quarterback must also be a great sport, and Namath has to be on the bottom of this list. Here's hoping no one's son wants to grow up to be like this creep. Let's keep Hollywood off the cover and out of sports.

VERN SHAW

Wadhams, N.H.

Sir:

Finally you have pictured Joe Willie as I have always seen him. However, I would much rather see him as pictured on page 31 (*A Game That Gets a Good Man Down*, Aug. 17), where Buck Buchanan does a good job on him. The game of football hardly needs publicity, especially of this kind. I would have preferred a cover photo of Lance Alworth making a diving catch or Johnny Wessmiller riding an elephant. Mr. Namath just does not make it.

Once my present subscription expires, it will be my pleasure to return my renewal card, folded, spindled and mutilated.

MICHAEL LISNIAK

Prinle George, Va.

Sir:

No wonder Joe turned to acting: you won't see him ad-libbing with Pete Barnes or Buck Buchanan.

RUSSELL

Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:

You have set motion pictures back 100 years!

LARRY BELL

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

The hairy bum shouldn't be allowed to play football.

PAUL BRENT

North Bellmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Ah, for cryin' out loud! That cover photo was strictly from hunger. I don't know for what sport Joe Namath was preparing in this *MOVIE*, but it wasn't one we need in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. For that matter, I am one of those who think we don't need Joe Namath in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* anymore. He is good copy for the newspapers, but I question whether his football ability would be worth writing about if they left his extra-curricular activities out of the story.

SILKRAY BISHOP

Kansas City, Kans.

Sir:

Come on, give Joe a break. When you get down to it, if you had all the money and prestige you would ever need, who would you want hugging you—the blonde on the cover or the brute on page 33?

SCOTT FLEMING

San Diego

Sir:

Wow! Who is that gorgeous girl with Joe?

JOHN BAY

Flushing, N.Y.

● She is Victoria George, an American actress living in Rome.—ED.

Sir:

How dare you show only pictures of Joe getting hit! Your portfolio of photos seems to make the Jet offensive line look terrible. As staunch Jet fans, we feel that Winston Hill, Dave Herman, Randy Rasmussen and John Schmitt are four of the best offensive linemen in pro football (and that includes the National Conference).

At least your photographs deny the accusation that Joe Namath doesn't have guts. Many people feel that he throws the ball away just to avoid contact. These pictures show what happens after he throws the ball. We challenge you to show a picture of where the football was in each of these situations. We tend to think that it was safely in the hands of George Sauer or Don Maynard.

ROGER CHOCORRI

ARTHUR WAIT

Verona, N.J.

Sir:

Congratulations on a brilliant article. May be you can start a series, with the next

issue featuring Joe Kapp getting dumped. DAMIAN STRALE

Citrus Heights, Calif.

Sir:

Thank you for the article and photographs on Joe Namath. They portray the real life of a pro quarterback. It was a great tribute to a man I greatly admire and respect. Joe Willie Namath may be out for more money but so is everyone else, and he would be a damn fool to think or do otherwise.

JOE MARTIN

Mendota, Wis.

Sir:

I just have one thing to say. Those defensive linemen couldn't have done it to a nicer guy.

MARK WALSH

Windsor, Conn.

JUST SAM

Sir:

Many thanks for an honest and revealing story about Cleveland's pitching a.e., Sam McDowell (*Sam of 1,000 Wins*, Aug. 17). The main point of the article—i.e., that McDowell has the ability to pitch brilliantly—was proved on Aug. 13 when he pitched his 17th victory, a three-hitter over Oakland. A truly bright future is awaiting Sudden Sam.

RICHARD L. BUNGE

Chatsworth, Calif.

Sir:

The trouble with Sam McDowell is that there aren't enough people like him. The trouble with John (Blue Moon) Odum is that there's one too many of him. Moon Odum doesn't have Sudden's stuff, and I'd like to tell him to keep quiet until he does. And for anyone else who says Sam has never had a good season, here are a few statistics:

1965 Led the league with 325 strikeouts and a 2.18 ERA, won 17 games and made the All-Star team.

1966 Led the league with 225 SOs.

1968 Led the league with 283 SOs, placed second in ERA and made the All-Stars.

1969 Led the league with 279 SOs, scored 18 victories (his personal high) and again made the All-Stars.

Who knows what Sam will finish with this year? But don't worry, it will be good. Eat your heart out, Blue Moon Odum.

CARL MORTEN

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Sudden Sam is my kind of man. Baseball is just a part of his life. This is the way it

should be. Most of us tend to take the game too seriously and inject too many life-and-death aspects into it.

RICHARD SUGG

Goldstone, N.C.

Sirs:

I salute Pat Jordan for an engaging and enlightening treatment of an enigmatic athlete. Perhaps now we Indian fans can more understandingly resign ourselves to worshipping Sam for what he is rather than for what we may have wished him to be. Although we may not possess the biggest winner in baseball, we may have in Sam something more vital to the well-being of the game than a winner.

RONALD G. HYDUK

Ann Arbor, Mich.

HANK, WILLIE AND ROBERTO

Sirs:

Your prediction that those who follow the Pittsburgh Pirates would be enraged by the comments of the anonymous "baseball fan" quoted in your SCORECARD item ("Heresy," Aug. 17) was quite correct. Anybody who follows Pirate baseball knows that Roberto Clemente is the greatest in the game today. Nearly every reference this "fan" makes to Willie Mays is in the past tense. If Clemente is anything, he is underrated. As for helping his team, kindly check the National League standings. We wouldn't trade Clemente for Mays, Aaron or anyone else!

MICHAEL REED

Wagnsburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Your "non-Pittsburgh fan" says that he is sick and tired of hearing that Roberto Clemente is the greatest player in the game today. Maybe this is so because *everyone* has been telling him this.

JOHN KONKO

Donora, Pa.

Sirs:

I agree 100% with that baseball fan's comments. He singled out the facts that the Blue fans fail to see and that the rest of the nation notices. A Clemente does not compare with an Aaron or a Mays. Thanks for bringing out the truth.

ED SCHMIDT

Old Bridge, N.J.

Sirs:

If you want to get picky, you can point out flaws in any player. Mays, for example, has had a baffling succession of slumps. Septembers and, on the occasions when the Giants have made the World Series, had Octobers. Despite all his home runs, he has never hit one in three World Series and his lifetime batting average for 17 Series games is .234.

Aaron, on the other hand, is not an out-

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

standing field. His arm is not strong, and he does not make many long running catches or good plays in the corner to hold hitters to singles instead of doubles as Clemente does.

Mays, Aaron and Clemente are all great players. Let's leave it at that.

DAVID S. HILMAN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla

Sirs:

Statistically, I must agree that Aaron and Mays have hit more home runs and driven in more runs than Clemente. But sometimes statistics don't hold any value. For example, Ty Cobb led in more statistical departments than Babe Ruth, yet the Babe was named the greatest ever last year. This greatest ever stuff is all decided in people's minds. To me, if a man contributes his best to baseball he can never be overrated.

MIKE RAJA

Lyndon, Wash.

CALL FOR ACTION

Sirs:

It occurs to me upon looking at the baseball standings in today's paper that something is amiss. Two years ago when division play was proposed all we heard were promises and more promises of more exciting pennant races. Just think—four exciting down-to-the-wire races instead of two. Well, here it is, barely a month after the All-Star Game, and three of those promised races are over. It doesn't take any great insight to see that Baltimore, Minnesota and Cincinnati are in line Flynn. The Pirates and the Mets will probably go down to the wire, so maybe you just have to write the National League off as having one of those years.

How many more years does Minnesota have to waltz away with the Western AL crown before people realize that its division needs help? And if Baltimore wins one more Eastern AL title I'm going to be sick all over my morning sports page! A definite reorganization is called for.

The most obvious move would seem to be the transfer of some of the better teams in the stronger Eastern to the Western Division. How about New York and the Red Sox for KC and Milwaukee, or Detroit and Cleveland for Oakland and Chicago, or anybody for anybody?

As long as Baltimore gets the privilege of playing its cousins from Kansas City and the Twins are permitted to rampage through their cream-puff division, I see nothing but more of the same dull pennant "races" year after year.

ROBERT L. DAWSON

Albuquerque

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